FEATURING THE GRAPHIC NOVEL, YIU-MY PROMISE TO YOU!

NOVEMBER 2002
U.S. $5.99
CAN $6.99

# HEAVY METAL

TIP-IN #8 BY BORIS VALLEJO ENCLOSED!

THE ADULT ILLUSTRATED FANTASY MAGAZINE

0 14302 36587 1

Heavy Metal November 2002 Vol. XXVI No.5

# CONTENTS

Cover by Julie Bell

6. Gallery on The Many Worlds of Edgar Rice Burroughs

12. Galactic Geographic by Karl Kofoed

14. Dossier by S.C. Ringgenberg

16. With Or Without Underwear? by Goupil and Walter

18. Undress Me! by Goupil and Walter

21. Yiu- My Promise To You by Tehy, Guenet, Reneaume, and J.M. Vee

60. Fistful Of Blood by Simon Bisley and Kevin Eastman

70. Ocka- The Pyramid Of The Black Sun by L. Bermejo and A. Segura

94. Lady Halloween's Dire Disclosures- The Vampire by Riff

97. My Sweet Savior by Al Ryan and John Workman

a Humperdido! scan

humperdido@hotmail.com

Undress Me! ©Denis D'Ouest
With Or Without Underwear ©Denis D'Ouest
Lady Halloween's Dire Disclosures- The Vampire ©Editions SEFAM, 2001

## STAFF

publisher & editor-in-chief ... KEVIN EASTMAN

vice president/ executive director ... HOWARD JUROFSKY

managing editor ... DEBRA YANOVER

designers ... KELL-O-GRAPHICS, INC.

subscription manager ... PAT HAYWARD

editorial polyglot ... FERSHID BHARUCHA

# HEAVY METAL

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (ISSN 0199-2221) is a trademark of "HEAVY METAL" is a trademark of Metal Mammoth, Inc. ©2002. 100 N. Village Avenue, Suite 12, Rockville Centre, NY 11570. (516) 594-2120 Fax (516) 596-2133. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in part without permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semi-fiction is purely coincidental.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Return postage must accompany submissions. Otherwise return of artwork is not guaranteed.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published bimonthly by Metal Mammoth, Inc., 100 N. Village Avenue, Suite 12, Rockville Centre, NY 11570. THERE'S just gonna subscription. $29.95 paid two year subscription and $39.95 paid three year subscriptions in points and U.S. $49 $59.00 per year for Canada and $75.00 per year for other foreign subscriptions. Periodicals paid at Plattsburgh, NY and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Subscription Department, Heavy Metal Magazine, 100 N. Village Avenue, Suite 12, Rockville Centre, NY 11570 or email change to heavymetal@kellcom.com. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please send change of address to Subscription Department Heavy Metal Magazine, 100 N. Village Avenue Suite 12, Rockville Centre, NY 11570.

ADVERTISING: Heavy Metal (516) 594-2120

PRINTED IN CANADA

◀Illustration by Racrufi
To find out more about Racrufi's work, contact him at racrufi@hotmail.com or racrufi@prodigy.net.mx

# PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Man, what a week I'm having and it's only Monday! I feel like I'm "living" one of those classic "Country and Western" songs, you know: "My one eyed wife just left me and took my good sock -- I'm so broke I can't pay attention -- and my dog beat himself to death with a garden hose -- ta, la, la, blah, blah!" Did that ever happen to you? Dumb question I know, BUT now I want you to write me about it!

Seriously- I get all kinds of letters, always about the magazine and web-site (and I still want all those!) but write me some other cool stuff I can publish -- like what happened to you on your worst day!

Besides my day today, I really shouldn't complain, we've had a pretty great year and the rest of it should be even better. I can't tell you about everything right now- this is only the November issue (which ships in September), and I want another month to go by before I let the cat out of the bag. Stay tuned.

As for the issue this month, I'm pretty jazzed to have the second installment of "Ylu" as the featured story- - the first one really blew me away. The creative team of Tehy, Guenet, Renesume, and J.M. Vee, got even better for the second installment, and wait until you see the third! One of the most exciting new projects to come along lately.

We've been able to twist Julie Bell's arm and got her back on the cover with a terrific new piece, and Mr. Ringgenberg has put together a most excellent Dossier/Gallery on Edgar Rice Burroughs. Nice going, Steve. Then we have all us other guys doing the short stuff- - Simon and I continue with "Fistful of Blood" and get to hang out with Goupil, Wister, Segura, Bermejo (cool "Orka" story) and the rest of the regular "Band of Brothers".

Good stuff, and as always let me know what you think about what I'm doing. Also, go on over to our web-site (www.metallv.com) and let me know any ideas to make the site even cooler than I think it already is.

A special thanks, two last plugs, and I'm outta here. I want to say again it is amazing to be part of Heavy Metal in its 25th year, and my "Special Thanks" go to the "Real Boss" at Heavy Metal--Howard Jurofsky, without whom it wouldn't exist. He is "Da Man"

I hope you get a chance to check out the "25th Anniversary Cover" book by John Workman- - it is an amazing collection, and you gotta buy the Fall Special (ships in October) which will have three complete graphic novels within, as part of our ongoing celebration.

Thanks for taking a ride!

Kris Eastman

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear H.M.,

I have been reading H.M. for a long time. In regards to more nudity/sex in H.M., I vote for more nudity. Naked females are great. Secondly, you really need to nag Frank Frazetta into doing something new for H.M. Finally, any possibility of a new Taarna story? What is needed to make it happen?

Steve

**Dear Steve,**

**I love to get the "more nudity/less nudity" debate going in the letters section, so here's three letters with different points of view—and I look forward to more comments from our readers.**

**I'd love to get Frank Frazetta back some day, but he's really not doing anymore drawing or painting- - bummer. I wish we could do more with Taarna as we get lots of requests, but Columbia TriStar won't allow that to happen.**

Dear H.M.,

I'm not one to complain but after reading the letters from some of your other subscribers, it makes me wonder where their heads are. First, if they're looking for the money shot in a cartoon, as well as they are drawn, they are still cartoons. Second, go get a Hustler- it has everything they're looking for and that's fantasy.

Now my real question is, why do I have to venture out into the cold, cruel world to acquire your special issues. You have my credit card number, just send them. It's isn't like they're going to go unread. So just send them, please.

Richard

**Dear Richard,**

**Thanks for your thoughts and perspective, and hanging with us all these years! We should be offering a subscription for "The Specials" shortly, and remember you can always order anything H.M. on-line.**

Dear H.M.,

When it's good, it's good. HM could be even better though... I almost got a subscription to the magazine last Christmas from my mother. Of course she looked through it, and what does she find but naked women with huge unnatural breasts in come-hither poses. Basically the tits and ass were out of balance with the rest of the art, and it is art. If however, nudity was there and it meant something... really meant something, you would have had an additional subscriber. My complaint is not about nudity but about the degradation of women. I am an artist and an illustrator. I have been devoted to Sci-Fi for my entire life. I spend roughly $600.00 a year on illustration books, comics, and other similar books. I look for substance and I am sure that most artists like myself do also. Tits and ass is not substantive, I am afraid to say.

Lee

**Dear Lee,**

**I agree with your concepts, and I do try to take the same perspective when choosing stories for each issue, but I do allow myself to choose an edgy story if I really like the artwork. I'll keep trying, and hope you keep reading.**

Dear H.M.,

I picked up the May 2001 issue of H.M. and I have to say it's the best one yet! I really loved the breathtaking cover by Lorenzo Sperlonga and the "Druuna" story was awesome! How about featuring some Vaughn Bode and Richard Corben work in future issues for all of us who missed their stuff the first time around.

Brian

**Dear Brian,**

**Keeping the "sex" perspective going here, I had to include a letter about the latest installment of "Druuna"- a Heavy Metal "icon" if there ever was one. I'd love to get more Corben in the magazine someday soon- he's doing some great work over at Vertigo, and I hear Mark Bode is doing "Lizard of OZ" using all the classic characters his dad created.**

Dear H.M.(attention Lord Eastman),

I am a Ninja Turtles fan, a huge one. They graced me with their presence when I was nine. I recently checked out one of Peter's new series and loved it. Aside from your mention of them in the March 2002 issue, what are your plans involving the TMNT in the future? Thanks for TMNT, which still is the best comic... Could I possibly bug you for an autograph?

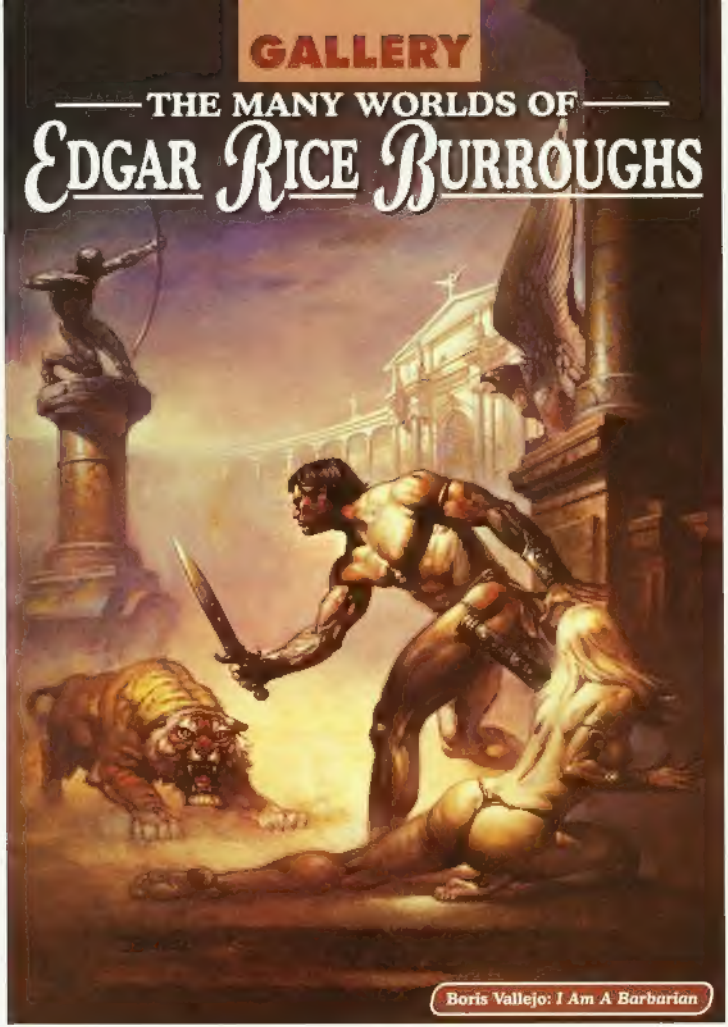
Simon

**Dear Simon,**

**Any letter that starts with "Lord Eastman" tends to catch my eye and very timely to get one talking about the TMNT's! You see, Heavy Metal just published my 296 page "TMNT Artobiography", and I hear Pete is working on a new TMNT animated series that should start in early 2003! Cool beans- and I'll forward you an autograph, thanks for asking!**

GALLERY

# THE MANY WORLDS OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Boris Vallejo: *I Am A Barbarian*

The illustrations in this gallery are just one indication of Edgar Rice Burroughs' continuing popularity, some fifty-two years after his passing. All of the artists included herein are ERB fans to one degree or another. Some of them, like Thomas Yeates and Boris Vallejo, have illustrated Burroughs on paid assignments in the past. For the rest, Mark Wheatley, Harry Rowland, Frank Cho, David Burton and Sandy Plunkett, drawing Burroughs' characters was simply for fun, and to help Heavy Metal celebrate the 90th anniversary of Burroughs' first published work, *Under the Moons of Mars*.

Gentlemen, we thank you all for your time and talents. Special thanks to Mark Wheatley for bringing Messrs. Rowland and Burton into the fold, and to Boris Vallejo for honoring a last-minute request to reprint one of his Burroughs paperback covers in order to bring some lesser-known Burroughs characters to light.

Harry Rowland: *John Carter of Mars*

Harry Rowland: *Dejah Thoris*

Mark Wheatley: Monster Men

David Burton: *Charging Thark*

Frank Cho: Dejah Thoris and her pets

Thomas Yeates: *Tarzan*

# Water Music of the Noron

## MUSIC of OTHER WORLDS
### Part 5

Music has many forms. But it seems that only technological races produce it as a separate and distinct language. The Noron are no exception.

In the shallow salton seas of the Noron's planet, sixth from their sun Iridani Prime, music serves as a calendar. Using a complex sonic language like Earth's cetacean populations, Noron communities produce a kind of music to keep track of time.

On the sunrise of their equinox reefs all over the globe celebrate Iridani 6's version of the New Year. As shown in the picture on this page, the Noron raise their soft bodies from the water to witness sunrise. In the background is a relic launch facility – a memorial to early space efforts.

At the sunrise ceremony shown here, senior members of each Noron clan carry torches burning with chemical energy called "aquafire" — a magnesium condensate that burns under water. The invention of it, eons ago, saved the Noron from extinction when a slight orbital shift of their planet brought on the first of their great ice ages.

Some see in this a historical parallel to human evolution. On Iridani 6, as on Earth, adversity brought about invention and, ultimately, technology and space travel. It is remarkable that this happened to an aquatic species. Unlike mankind, Noron survival had always been assured by the abundant life in their seas. For them, hunting and tool making were never a necessity until an ice age wiped out half their population. To combat the cold, the Noron were forced to create an artificial heat source.

THE CLOUD COVERED SOUTH POLAR ICECAP OF THE NORON HOME WORLD, IRIDANI 6


©2002 Karl Kofoed

Inevitably, the Noron turned to tool making, and creativity became their guiding spirit. Even the Noron language was affected. As population increased, the sounds of their commerce became chaotic and unbearable. The solution was music.

Harmony, meter, and tonal structure became the rule for all communications. Instruments were invented to add greater sonic range and more complexity to their vocalizations. The oldest of these instruments is called the aquabell by human colonists. Activated by water moving through different sized silicon bells, it is used ceremonially and to communicate daily messages everywhere on the planet.

At right, an elder plays aquabell at an annual ceremony honoring the birth of his children. Above, members of his clan swim around an egg mass about to hatch. The music communicates the event to all and has a soothing effect on the hatchlings.

Most of us know that the Noron's discovery of a space probe from Earth a century ago led to our first contact with them. Few are aware, however, that music contained on a recording placed aboard the probe induced them to make contact. It impressed them that humans value music enough to put it aboard a space probe bound for nowhere.

Though we have music in common, our differences are many. Few humans can relate to an aquatic existence, and the Noron have difficulty with the concept of living on land. And at a recent Federation conference, a Noron representative commented, "Humans sound better than they look."

In an annual ritual, a Noron family dances in circles to the music of the aquabell, played by an elder.

The sound of the aquabell is similar to that of a flute, but more hollow sounding, and with a larger tonal range.

Next: *Music of the Spheres*


©2002 Rael Rofood

### In Praise of Edgar Rice Burroughs (1875-1950)

The year 2002 marks the 90th anniversary of Edgar Rice Burroughs' first published work, *Under the Moons of Mars* in All-Story Magazine (retitled *A Princess of Mars* for book publication.) All praise to Edgar Rice Burroughs, one of America's great pulp science fiction writers, and one of the finest storytellers this country has ever produced. But Burroughs has been dead for over fifty years, and many of his books are now out of print, so why write about him at all? After all, it's the 21st Century - isn't Burroughs old hat? Not at all. Anyone who enjoys fantasy or science fiction in whatever medium owes Burroughs a great debt, not least the legions of other writers who have imitated Burroughs' imaginative odysseys to the worlds of Tarzan's Africa, John Carter's Mars, David Innes' Pellucidar and Carson Napier's Venus. It's not for nothing that Burroughs has been dubbed "The Father of American Science Fiction." Even people who know nothing about Burroughs have seen or heard of his most famous creation, Tarzan of the Apes. It's fair to call Burroughs one of the most influential writers of the 20th century. Burroughs was incredibly prolific (70 novels and dozens of short stories, fabulously successful and endlessly imitated. Ninety years after the publication of his first book his work is still being adapted to other media and is still the source of hit movies like Disney's animated *Tarzan* film.

Burroughs was not the greatest prose stylist of all time, but he was a raconteur par excellence. Few writers could spin such exciting imaginative yarns for as long as Burroughs did. Burroughs was also incredibly imaginative. His many, varied universes were detailed, coherent and indescribably cool. What fan, reading A Princess of Mars for the first time would not want to be John Carter? How many kids all over the world have played at being Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle?

In many ways, Burroughs set the template for what a modern author-entrepreneur should be. In his other lives, Burroughs may not have been a great businessman (as his many failed enterprises would attest), but he was shrewd enough to recognize early on the value of merchandising the heck out of Tarzan. Toward that end, in 1923, Burroughs incorporated himself (an unusual step at the time). By that year alone, there had been a dozen Tarzan films, including the first one, *Tarzan of the Apes* starring Elmo Lincoln. By 1931, Burroughs was also his own publisher, succeeding there despite the failures of literary rights such as Mark Twain and Upton Sinclair to become their own publishers. The fact that Burroughs succeeded despite the onset of the Great Depression is a testament to the popularity of Tarzan and his other characters. 1932 saw the release of the first sound Tarzan film, *Tarzan, the Ape Man* with Olympic gold medallist Johnny Weismuller starring as perhaps the most famous Tarzan of all. That same year also saw the debut of the Tarzan radio show. There were many, many other adaptations of Tarzan, including a galaxy of licensed products, including toys, a television show in the 60's, which was the source of three feature films, comic books, a syndicated newspaper strip that began in 1929, model kits, Big Little Books, clothing, and pretty much every product imaginable in the media-saturated 20th Century. Notably, there was also a *John Carter of Mars* newspaper strip, beautifully drawn by Burroughs' son John Coleman Burroughs.

Burroughs' depictions of Mars (in 11 books) had a strong grasp on the human imagination from their first appearance in 1912. Unfortunately, unlike Tarzan, John Carter, Burroughs' immortal Martian warlord never made it to the silver screen despite innumerable Tarzan movies, including dozens of unauthorized foreign Tarzan films. Aside from Tarzan, other Burroughs properties have been adapted to film, including *The Land That Time Forgot*, *The People That Time Forgot*, and *At the Earth's Core*. There was also a late 90s television series that featured Tarzan interacting with Pellucidar's David Innes and Carson Napier from Burroughs' Venus series. There have been sporadic attempts to make a John Carter film over the years. Warner Brothers animation director Bob Clampett tried to interest his studio in an animated John Carter of Mars movie during the 1940s, even going so far as to make a test reel showing the science-fiction hero in action. Only fragments of film and a few cels survive of that effort. In the 1980s, Die Hard director John McTiernan geared up to make a spectacular 100 million dollar live action Mars epic, but it was never made.

Perhaps it's just as well. No Hollywood product could ever really match the products of Burroughs' splendid imagination, as witnessed by any number of terrible Tarzan movies. No Tarzan film yet has gotten it all right, though special effects have come close. Hugh Hudson's *Greystoke* (1984) hewed fairly close to the early parts of Burroughs' first Tarzan novel, but then took considerable liberties with the story by having the young Lord Greystoke visit his family's ancestral castle in England. *Tarzan's Greatest Adventure* (1959), while not an adaptation of one of Burroughs' books, probably came the closest to capturing Tarzan's personality and African adventures of any film so far. Few screen Tarzans have been as articulate as Burroughs' intelligent, multilingual ape-man. Most of the time film producers have been content to cast a muscular ex-jock like Weismuller, Buster Crabbe, Ron Ely or Mike Henry to grunt and posture their way through the jungle.

In other media, Burroughs was fortunate to have many, many excellent artists adapting his work. The superb Hal Foster drew the *Tarzan* newspaper strip from 1931 to 1937 to great acclaim. Other excellent artists such as Burne Hogarth, Russ Manning, Bob Lubbers, Gil Kane and Gray Morrow have carried on the strip up to the present day. In book illustrations, too, Burroughs is blessed with mostly excellent art on the dust jackets and interior illustrations, including J. Allen St. John (probably the best Burroughs illustrator ever), the legendary N.C. Wyeth, and Frank Schoonover. In the paperback era of the 60s, ERB fans everywhere owe Roy G. Krenkel a debt of gratitude for bringing Frank Frazetta to the table. Despite his own criticisms of it, Frazetta's early work for Ace was good and got better rapidly despite Frazetta's habit of putting off his deadlines until the last minute (he once did 3 Ace covers over a weekend because he'd put off doing them as long as possible.) Of course, Krenkel's own work for the Ace ERB titles includes classic depictions of Caspak (The Land That Time Forgot), Pellucidar, and Mars (a young Krenkel's best work any books). Since Frazetta, a second generation of illustrating Burroughs in the early 70s, terrific artists like Boris Vallejo, Neal Adams, Michael Whelan and Jeff Jones have carried the fire.

Burroughs made and lost several fortunes during a long and interesting life. He died peacefully in bed on a Sunday in 1950. Legend has it that he was reading the Sunday funnies (one wonders if he was checking out the Tarzan strip). Because of Burroughs' foresight in incorporating himself, his family has retained ownership of his many characters and continues to reap the benefits of his protean imagination under the stewardship of his grandson, Danton Burroughs. As an aginistic, Burroughs probably wouldn't have wanted to go to heaven, so I hope he's in a writer's Valhalla somewhere swapping stories with the likes of Robert Heinlein, Jack London and Robert Howard. But wherever he is, I say to him: Kaor, Ed Burroughs - thanks for all the wonderful stories. May your words and name live forever in the memories of men!

*(Thanks to all the artists who graciously agreed to supply art for the ERB gallery in this issue. Thanks also to James Van Hise for supplying a copy of his book Pulp Masters, an excellent reference on Burroughs and other great writers of the pulp magazines.)*

## Joe Lansdale Q&A

Author Joe Lansdale is best known as a writer of taut crime fiction and nerve-jangling horror, but he has been known to venture into the realms of fantasy now and again. When Dark Horse decided to recruit an author to finish Edgar Rice Burroughs' final Tarzan novel, the choice of Joe Lansdale surprised many in Burroughs fandom. However, Lansdale acquitted himself very well on Tarzan: The Lost Adventure. Since Burroughs almost never collaborated with other writers, we thought it would be interesting to ask Lansdale, a lifelong Burroughs fan, what it was like to do a posthumous collaboration with one of his literary heroes.

**HM: Joe, can you describe how were you selected to finish the lost Tarzan manuscript?**

**LANSDALE:** I was talking with an editor at Dark Horse...He mentioned they had the rights to the Burroughs properties for a time, and they had an unfinished Tarzan manuscript and they were going to hire someone to finish it, I said, "You should get Phillip Jose Farmer." For whatever reason, they wanted someone else, and he asked me if I wanted the job, since I was a Tarzan fan and a Burroughs fan. I agreed, and the project was mine.

**HM: How much of the book had Burroughs actually written? Was there an outline for the entire novel?**

**LANSDALE:** There were about 60 pages or so, but it was the old style typewritten, so it might actually have been longer than say eighty pages of my normal script. There was no outline with it.

**HM: Did you take on the job because you were a Burroughs fan or for the artistic challenge of finishing someone else's work?**

**LANSDALE:** I love Edgar Rice Burroughs and grew up on first the movies influenced by his work, but then I read the real Tarzan stories, and the Martian tales. Actually, I like the Martian and Pellucidar tales most of all, but I love Tarzan. His worlds were magical to me and they made my childhood magical. I've read nearly all of his work. I already wanted to be a writer, even when I was a kid, but after reading Burroughs, I knew I had to be a writer. I still think he gave me my parsing and fired my imagination in such a way that I can still taste it. Think around corners. He could do that wonderfully. I love illustrators. Mere mention of his name or any of his works, characters, sends me back in time to when I was a boy devouring his books. I read them first from the library, and later in paperback form.

**HM: Burroughs fandom tends to be pretty vocal about its likes and dislikes. Did you have any trepidation about completing a book by such a well-loved author?**

**LANSDALE:** Burroughs fandom is vocal, and it's interesting that fandom reviews were pretty awful, but reviews outside of fandom were great. Many reviews obviously had nothing to do with the book. Some were just pissed an "outsider" got the job. But the truth of the matter was, I was an "insider." I just don't hang out in the ERB clubs, so to speak. No one owns Burroughs any more or any better than I do. Some of the reviews said Burroughs would never say this, and it was a direct quote, or it said, "this is so Burroughs," and I made it up. So, it doesn't matter if I'm universally admired, don't expect to be, but review the book, not me, or the reviewer's unfulfilled wishes. I didn't try to write exactly like Burroughs, because that is doomed to failure. I tried to capture the flavor, and frankly, that wasn't Burroughs' best work. I made the best of it I could. He could have done his own character better at his best, but frankly, I think Lost Adventure is better than some of the later Tarzan adventures. In the original manuscript Burroughs had a lion or some sort of animal whacked every chapter. It was monotonous. I don't think he wanted the book that way, and that's why he never finished it. I think he knew it was a tucked flesh. But, there were great things in it and by moving the material around throughout the novel, changing obvious boo-boos, etc. I did the best I could within the context of what I could do with an existing manuscript. It was great to work with Burroughs posthumously, and there were times when I could feel his energy in the prose, and it was inspiring. I tried to fix those areas where he seemed obviously tired, and even bored, with the story.

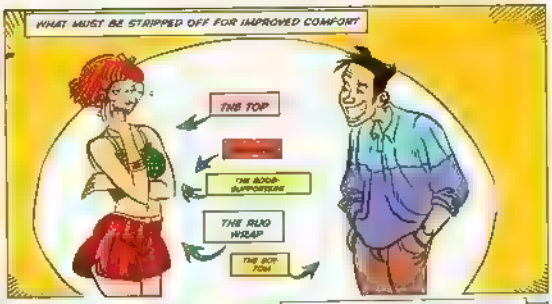
**HM: As a writer, how do you regard Burroughs as a storyteller and prose stylist?**

**LANSDALE:** Burroughs was a great storyteller, and at best a pretty good stylist. The problem was, he wrote hastily, and finally, I think, just for the money. It showed toward the end of his life. But, by the same token he could be very ironic, insightful, and style or not, he could make you see what he saw and he could create a magical world. A lot of "better" writers have been unable to do that. And if John Carter, Tarzan, are not full blown characters, they are more memorable than many more well rounded, well realized characters, because Burroughs had the ability to tap into daydream and archetypes.

SOME PEOPLE LIKE BREAD AND BUTTER WITH THEIR CHEESE. OTHERS PREFER IT ON ITS OWN. IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF TASTE.
THE ADVANTAGES OF LINGERIE
IT ENHANCES THE BODY
IT'S THE GIFT WRAPPING ON A PRESENT
IT'S GOOD FOR THE LIBIDO.
SOUNDS LIKE AN AD, HUH?
WOW! IT SURE MAKES YOU HORNY!
THE DISADVANTAGES OF LINGERIE
IS LINGERIE JUST A GADGET TO MAKE MEN FANTASIZE ?
NOT AT ALL. MOST WOMEN APPRECIATE BEAUTIFUL LINGERIE
BECAUSE IT MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD AND LOOK GOOD
CHOOSING THE LINGERIE TO GO WITH YOUR STYLE
GIMME ALL FIVE!
SENSIBLE AND CHICKET
EXPLOSIVE AND TAIL PROOF
FEARSOMELY AND SEXUAL FIVE

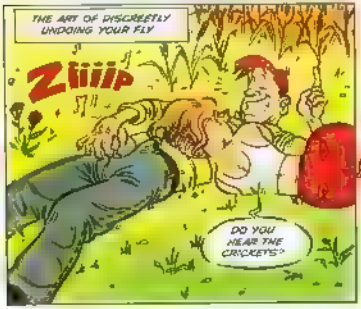
## UNDRESSING ME!

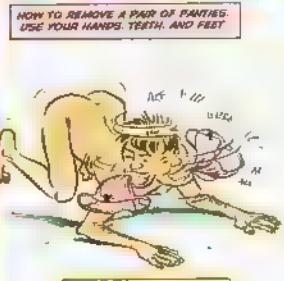
A BIT OF DEXTERITY IS REQUIRED TO GO FROM THE DRESSED TO THE UNDRESSED STATE

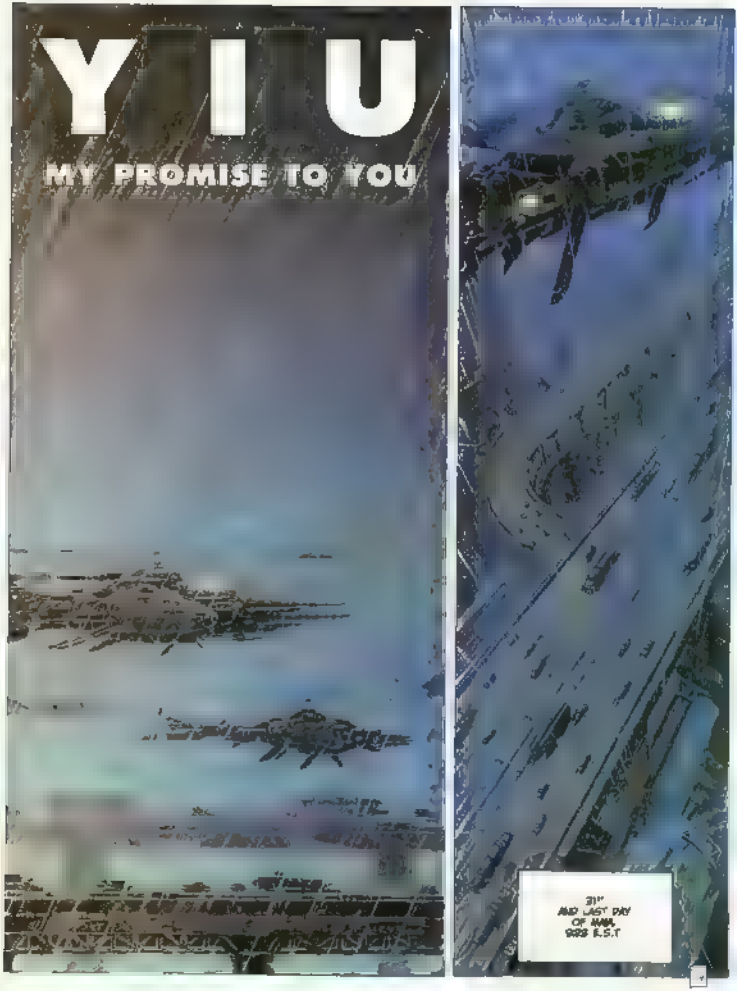


HOW TO REMOVE A BRA USING ONLY ONE HAND.
GRAB THE LEFT HAND FASTENER BETWEEN YOUR THUMB AND INDEX FINGER THEN PULL THE OTHER FASTENER WITH THE MIDDLE AND RING FINGERS, AND USE YOUR PINKIE TO UNDO THE FASTENING DEVICE

THREE TRICKS TO HELP YOU UNDO A FLY WITHOUT GETTING ANY HAIRS CAUGHT IN IT. 1. USE BUTTONS INSTEAD OF A ZIPPER. 2. SHAVE YOUR CROTCH. 3. WEAR IT OPEN.



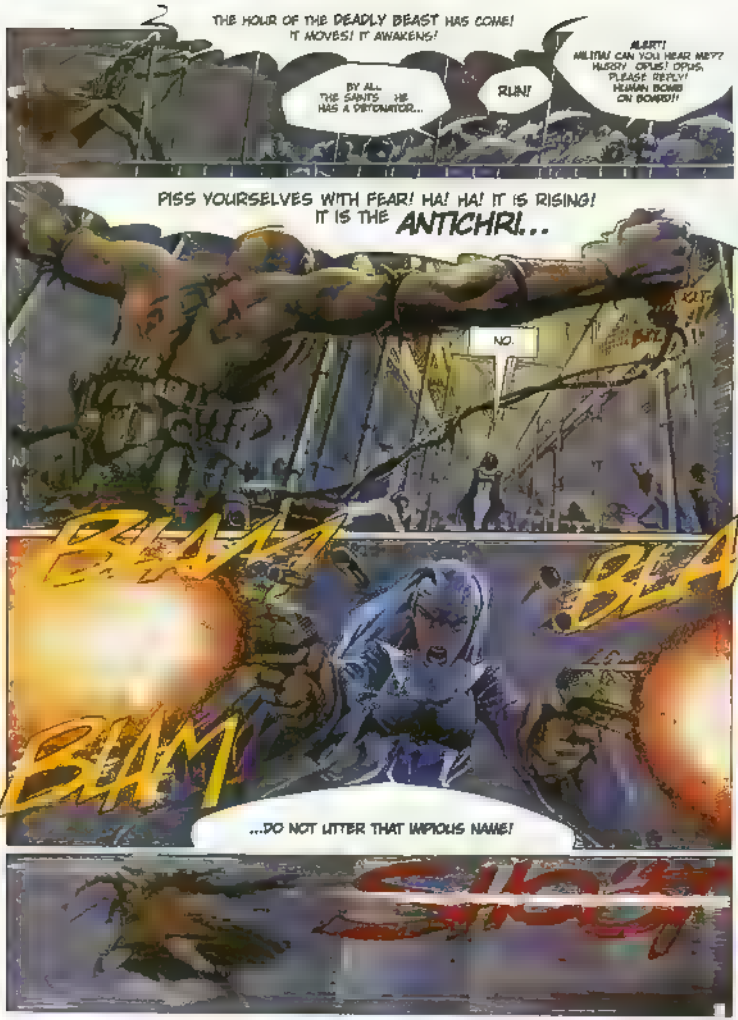




YIU
MY PROMISE TO YOU
31st
AND LAST DAY
OF WAR,
9028 K.S.T

THE "ROYAL CORONATION ROAD"
IS A SACRED HIGHWAY BETWEEN BAGHDAD AND JERUSALEM. IT WAS BUILT IN 2133 FOR THE COLOSSAL PROCESSION HELD TO COMMEMORATE THE TRIUMPHANT ARRIVAL OF THE NEW HOLY ECUMENICAL GOVERNMENT CONSISTING OF THE SIX MAJOR RELIGIONS. TEN MILLION LOYAL FOLLOWERS TOOK PART IN THE PROCESSION TO ITS FINAL DESTINATION.
390™ MILE.
ACID RAIN, PH: 2.3. MODERATE DANGER.

TRANSJORDAN
COMPANY

BANG JORDAN
YAAAAH HE IS BORN!
WHAT...?
LOOK! HIS BODY IS COVERED WITH EXPLOSIVES!
SHIT!! TAKE COVER!!
GET OUTTA THE WAY! OUTTA THE WAY, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
CLK
HE IS BORN! AND HE HAS FINALLY COME TO LEAD US... AND DESTROY ALL OF YOU, YOU DEGENERATE SLUGS!!
HA! HA!

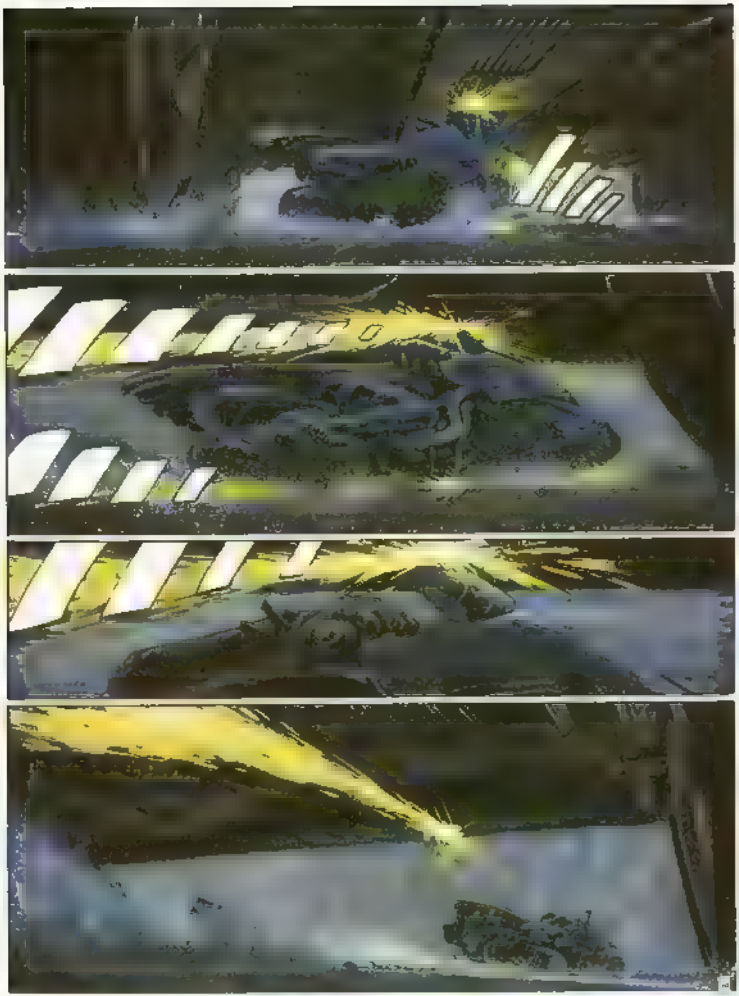

THE HOUR OF THE DEADLY BEAST HAS COME! IT MOVES! IT AWAKENS!
BY ALL THE SAINTS HE HAS A DETONATOR...
RUN!
ALERT! MILITIA! CAN YOU HEAR ME?? HUSSY OPUS! OPUS, PLEASE REPLY! HUMAN BOMB ON BOARD!!
PISS YOURSELVES WITH FEAR! HA! HA! IT IS RISING! IT IS THE ANTICHRI...
NO.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
...DO NOT UTTER THAT IMPIOUS NAME!
SHOT

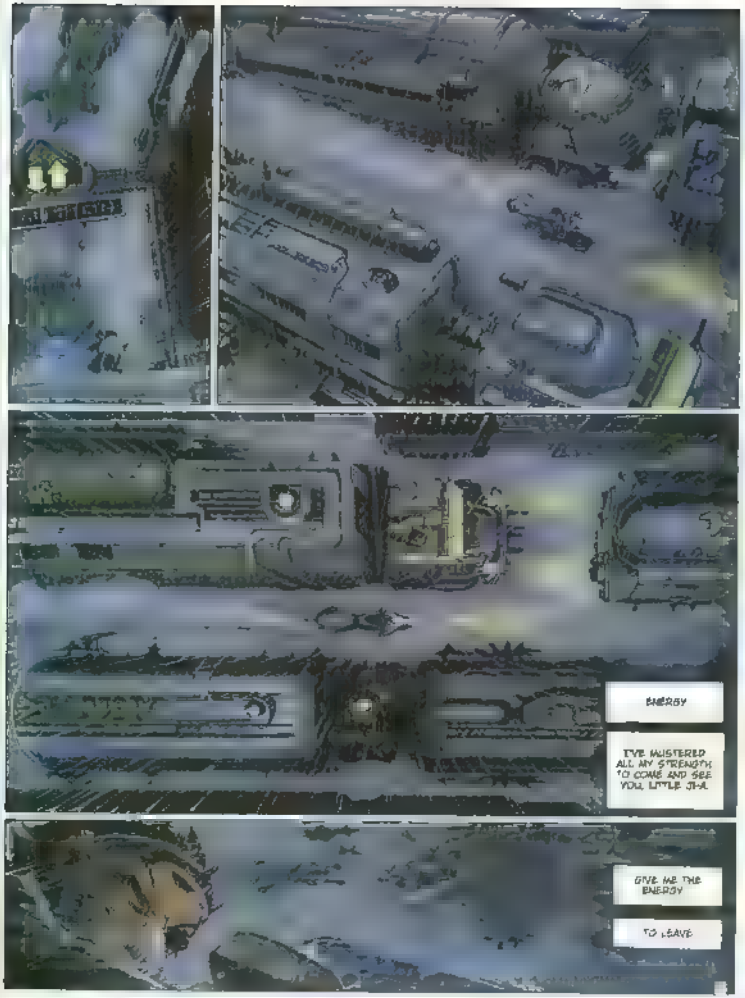
KABOOM

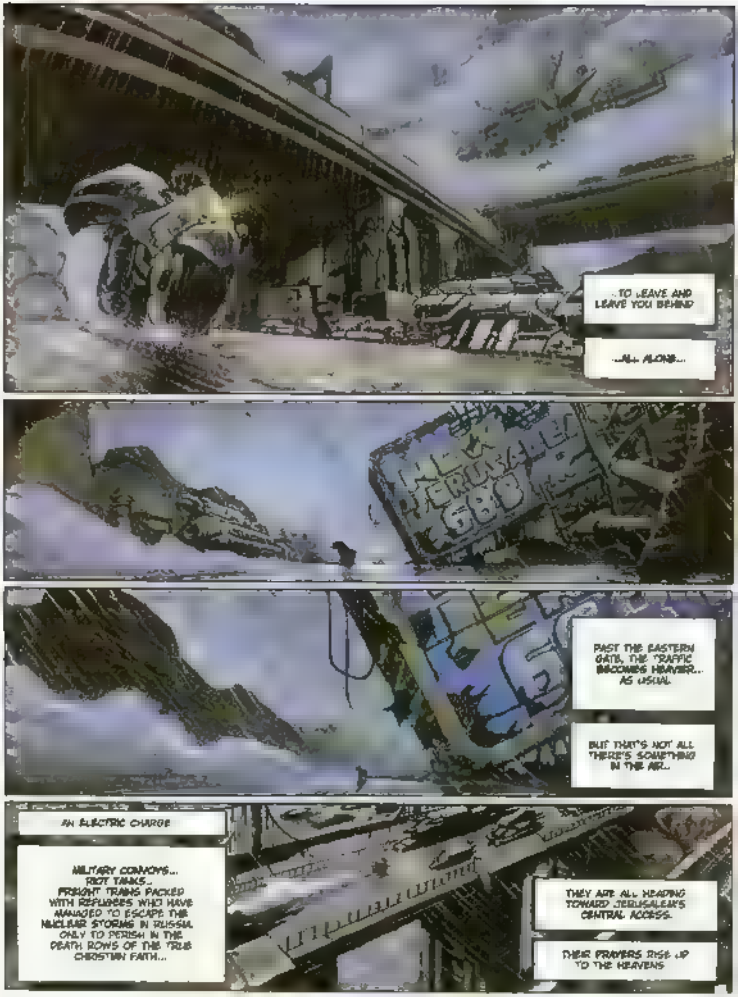
YES... YES... DO YOU HEAR ME? LUCIFERASE FILE HAS BEEN CLOSED."
HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS, YES. WE WERE RIGHT TO HAVE FAITH IN YOU.
GET BACK IN TOUCH WITH THE USUAL CONTACTS TONIGHT AT 2330 E.S.T., SHARP!
GLORY TO CHRIST ALMIGHTY !!!
YOUR SERVANTS WILL FIGHT EVIL IN ALL ITS FORMS, OH LORD!
OPUS CALLING. OPUS CALLING! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY AMBATINO MEDICS.
YES... WE HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT MISSION FOR YOU...
A MISSION THAT WILL HELP YOU MEET
YOUR PETTY FINANCIAL NEEDS.
OVER.
2340 E.S.T. I'VE BEEN INFORMED THAT ANOTHER SUICIDE ATTACK MAY BE UNDERWAY
I HAVE NO DETAILS REGARDING THE TIME, PLACE OR TARGET. THERE'S NO ADDITIONAL INFORMATION.
NONE.
BUT DEEP INSIDE ME, I'VE ALREADY ACCEPTED IT
THE LAST
THE VERY LAST OH, LITTLE BROTHER .

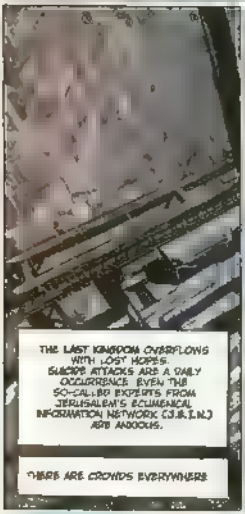
10:09 A.S.T
AN IDEA IS GROWING IN ME
AN IDEA THAT HURTS ME
I KNOW I SHOULDN'T BUT
I KNOW I'M GOING TO DO IT
CALLING SAINT JEAN'S HOSPITAL JERUSALEM, INTENSIVE BRAIN THERAPY. VIA DIRECT-SENSORY CONNECTION.
LINK BEING ESTABLISHED
MOVE IT
HURRY UP IN THERE BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND
AND WHILE I STILL HAVE..
THE ENERGY
LINK ESTABLISHED
OPTICAL IMPLANT REQUIRED
BENO WARD, ESTABLISHING NEURO-SENSORY CONNECTION. YOUR NEEDS WILL SOON BE ATTENDED TO. PLEASE REMAIN ON LINE..
NEUROCOM ESTABLISHED WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
YES? PLEASE SPEAK UP
I..
PLEASE TELL LITTLE JIHA THAT HIS ELDER SISTER IS ON HER WAY
VISUAL ESTABLISHED. REQUESTING PRIVATE ACCESS PLEASE REMAIN ON LINE..
NO.
DEGENERATIVE NEUROPATHOLOGY
CRITICAL TRAUMATOLOGY
AND THAT SHE WILL COME AND SEE HIM TODAY..
VOLUNTARY MARKERS
..BEFORE NIGHTFALL
JUST INFORM HIM THAT I'M ON MY WAY...
THAT'S ALL

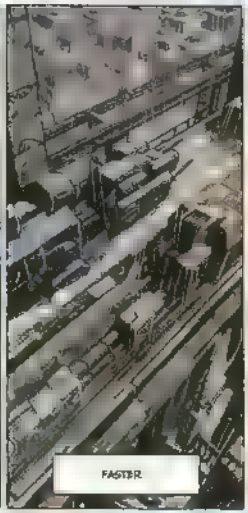
WE'LL INFORM THE RELEVANT DEPARTMENTS JERUSALEM ECUMENICAL INFORMATION NETWORK THANKS YOU FOR USING ITS DIRECT SENSORY SERVICE
TRANSACTION RECORDED
TARIFF 33.09 ! ACCOUNT DEBITED
I.D.I.N.
3309
TRANSACTION ENDED
WOOF
SCRATCH
THUMP THUMP




ENERGY
I'VE MUSTERED ALL MY STRENGTH TO COME AND SEE YOU, LITTLE JIN.
GIVE ME THE ENERGY
TO LEAVE

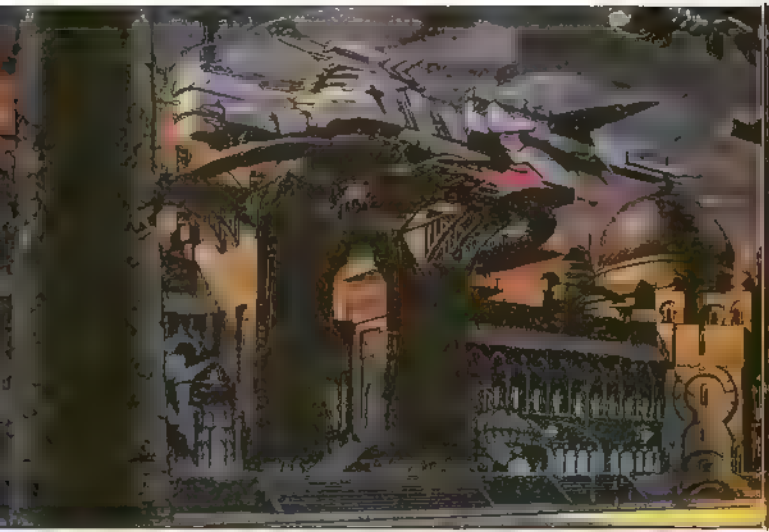

...TO LEAVE AND LEAVE YOU BEHIND
...ALL ALONE...
PAST THE EASTERN GATE, THE TRAFFIC BECOMES HEAVIER... AS USUAL
BUT THAT'S NOT ALL THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE AIR...
AN ELECTRIC CHARGE
MILITARY CONVOYS... RIOT TANKS... FREIGHT TRAINS PACKED WITH REFUGEES WHO HAVE MANAGED TO ESCAPE THE NUCLEAR STORMS IN RUSSIA, ONLY TO PERISH IN THE DEATH ROWS OF THE TRUE CHRISTIAN FAITH...
THEY ARE ALL HEADING TOWARD JERUSALEM'S CENTRAL ACCESS.
THEIR PRAYERS RISE UP TO THE HEAVENS

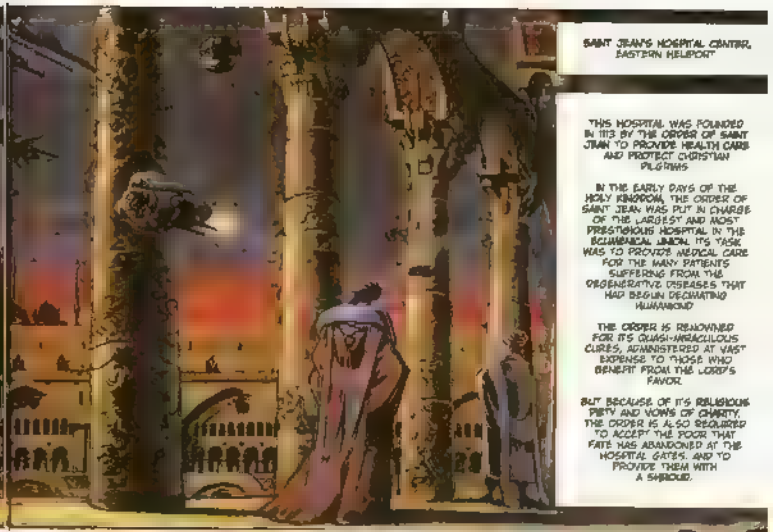

THE LAST KINGDOM OVERFLOWS WITH LOST HOPES. SUICIDE ATTACKS ARE A DAILY OCCURRENCE. EVEN THE SO-CALLED EXPERTS FROM JERUSALEM'S ECUMENICAL INFORMATION NETWORK (J.E.I.N.) ARE ANDOCKS.
THERE ARE CROWDS EVERYWHERE


FASTER

I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE REST OF THIS SICK WORLD.
YOU ARE THE ONE THAT MATTERS
YOU ALONE.

4 JI-A





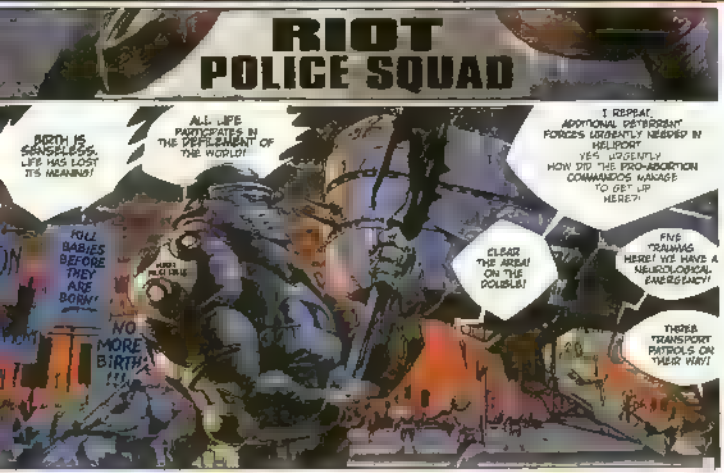
SAINT JEAN'S HOSPITAL CENTER, EASTERN HELIPORT

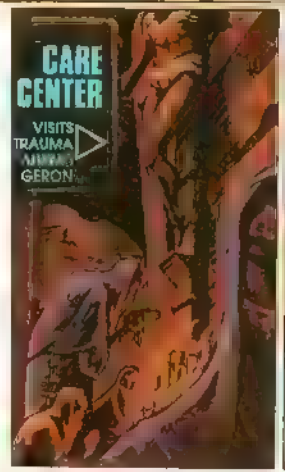
THIS HOSPITAL WAS FOUNDED IN 1113 BY THE ORDER OF SAINT JEAN TO PROVIDE HEALTH CARE AND PROTECT CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE HOLY KINGDOM, THE ORDER OF SAINT JEAN WAS PUT IN CHARGE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST PRESTIGIOUS HOSPITAL IN THE ECUMENICAL LEAGUE. ITS TASK WAS TO PROVIDE MEDICAL CARE FOR THE MANY PATIENTS SUFFERING FROM THE DEGENERATIVE DISEASES THAT HAD BEGUN DECIMATING HUMANKIND

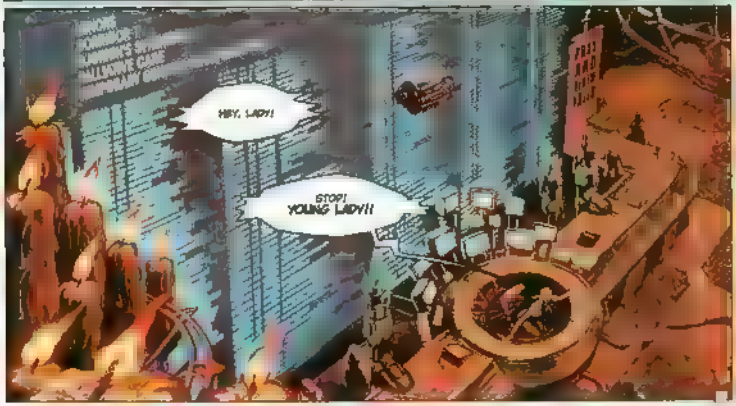
THE ORDER IS RENOWNED FOR ITS QUASI-MIRACULOUS CURES, ADMINISTERED AT VAST EXPENSE TO THOSE WHO BENEFIT FROM THE LORD'S FAVOR.

BUT BECAUSE OF ITS RELIGIOUS PIETY AND VOWS OF CHARITY, THE ORDER IS ALSO REQUIRED TO ACCEPT THE POOR THAT FATE HAS ABANDONED AT THE HOSPITAL GATES, AND TO PROVIDE THEM WITH A SHROUD.

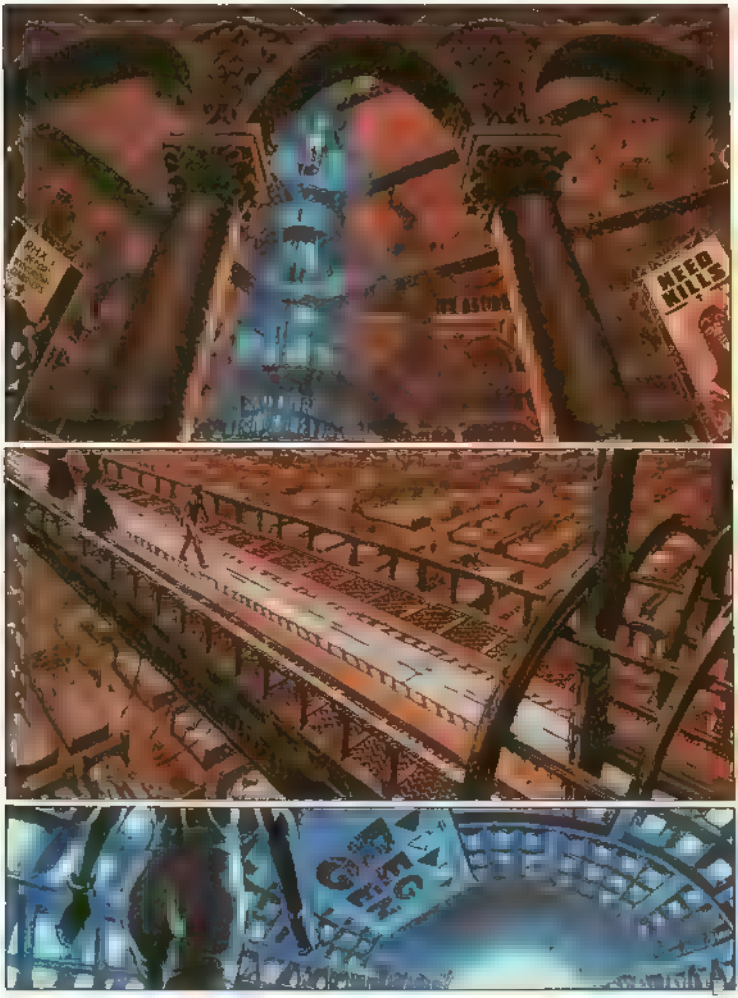

RIOT
POLICE SQUAD
BIRTH IS SENSELESS. LIFE HAS LOST ITS MEANING!
ALL LIFE PARTICIPATES IN THE DEFILEMENT OF THE WORLD!
KILL BABIES BEFORE THEY ARE BORN!
NO MORE BIRTHS!!!
I REPEAT, ADDITIONAL DETERRENT FORCES URGENTLY NEEDED IN HELIPORT
YES, URGENTLY HOW DID THE PRO-ABORTION COMMANDOS MANAGE TO GET UP HERE?!
CLEAR THE AREA! ON THE DOUBLE!
FIVE TRAUMAS HERE! WE HAVE A NEUROLOGICAL EMERGENCY!
THREE TRANSPORT PATROLS ON THEIR WAY!

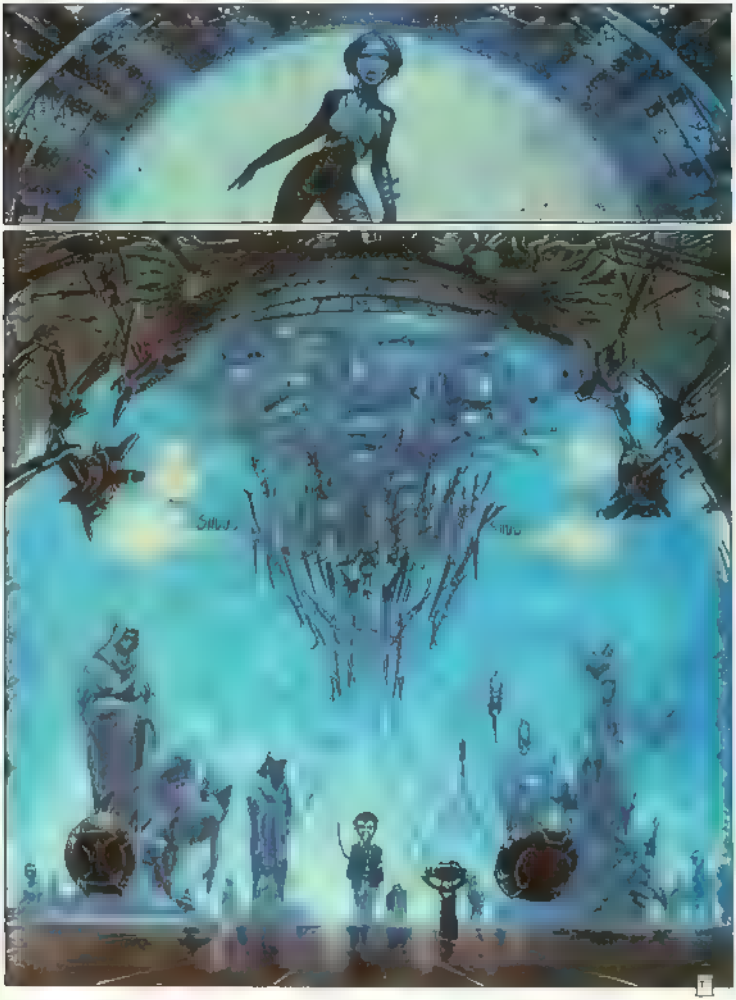


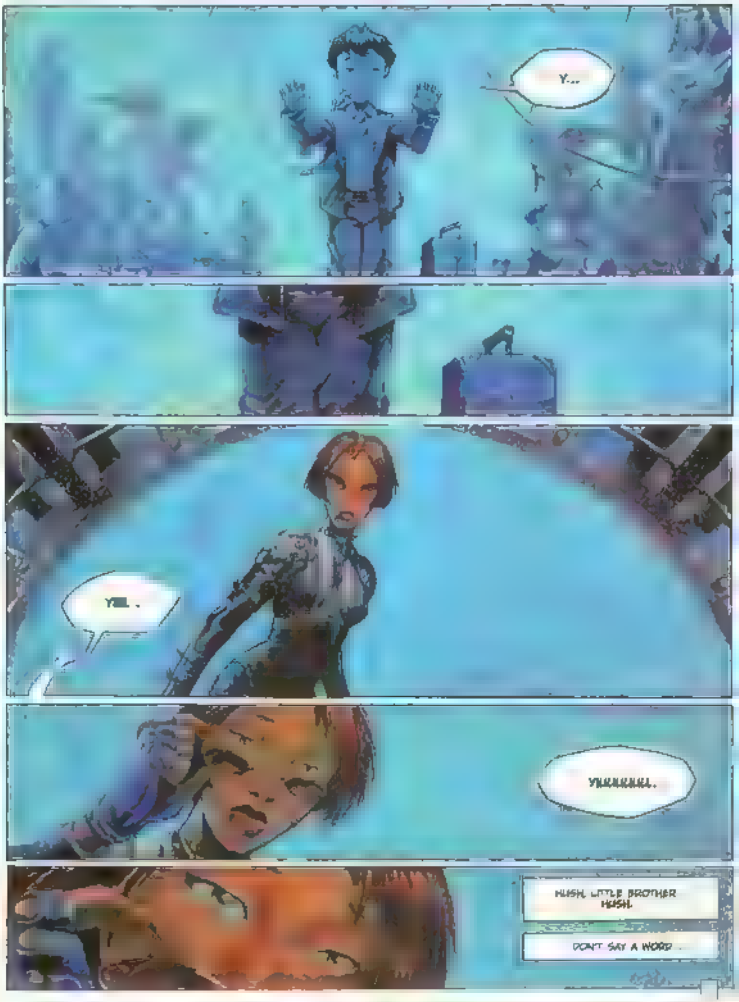
4 JI-A
JI-A...
ALL ALONE..
ALONE AMONG THOU-SANDS

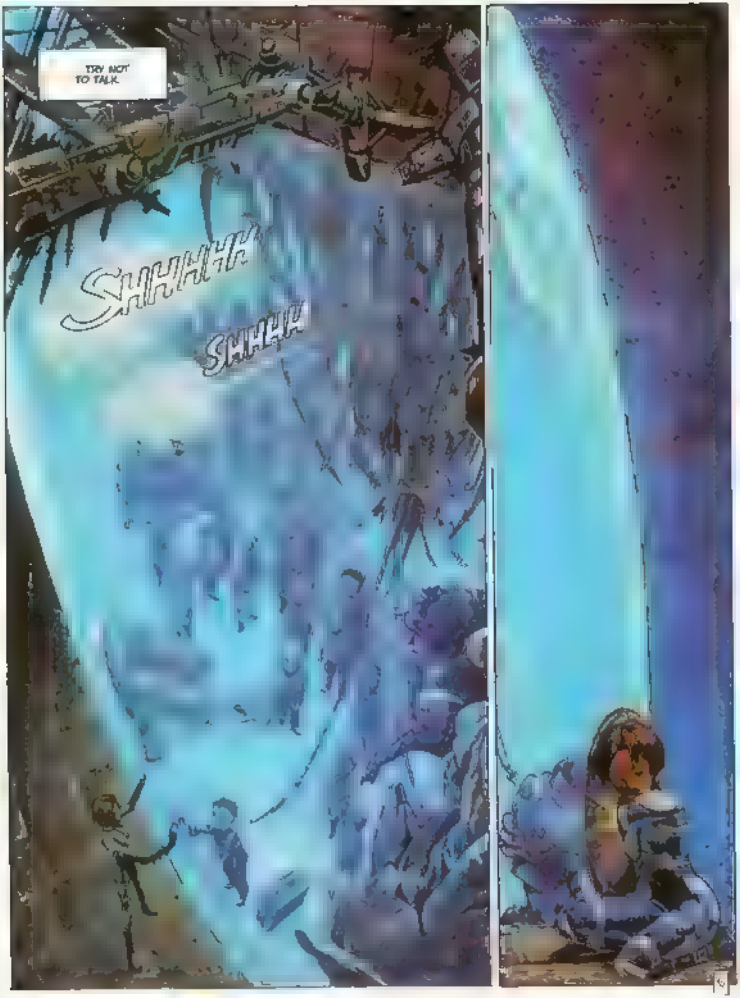

HEY, LADY!
STOP! YOUNG LADY!!

EXCUSE ME, BUT VISITING HOURS ARE OVER FOR THE DAY. NO VISITORS ARE ALLOWED DURING THE NIGHT SHIFT, WHICH BEGINS IN TEN MINUTES
DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? VISITING HOURS ARE OVER!
OH, ALL RIGHT BUT NO LONGER THAN TEN MINUTES
SHUM


NEED KILLS
REG GEN

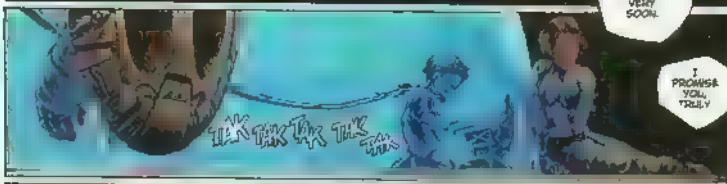



Y...
YEL.
YELLLLLLL.
HUSH, LITTLE BROTHER
HUSH.
DON'T SAY A WORD


TRY NOT TO TALK
SHHHH
SHHH

TAK TAK
TAK TAK TAK
TAK
TAK
TAK
TAK
YIU... I'M READY... I WAITE
D FOR YOU FOR A VERY L
ONG TY■
FOR A LONG TYM BUT I KNEW YOU W
OULD COME AND GE■
LD COME AND GET ME■

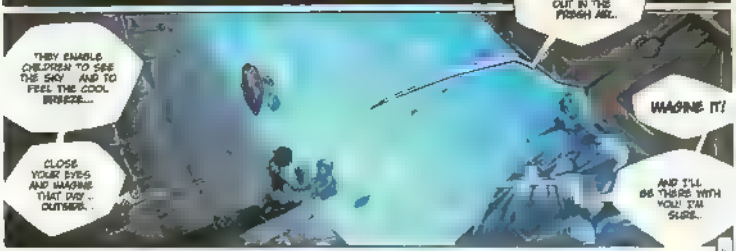
MY SOOTCASE IS ALL REDDY AND PA CKED. IT'S RITE HERE. I'LL BE OUT OF H ERE SOON... WON'T I■



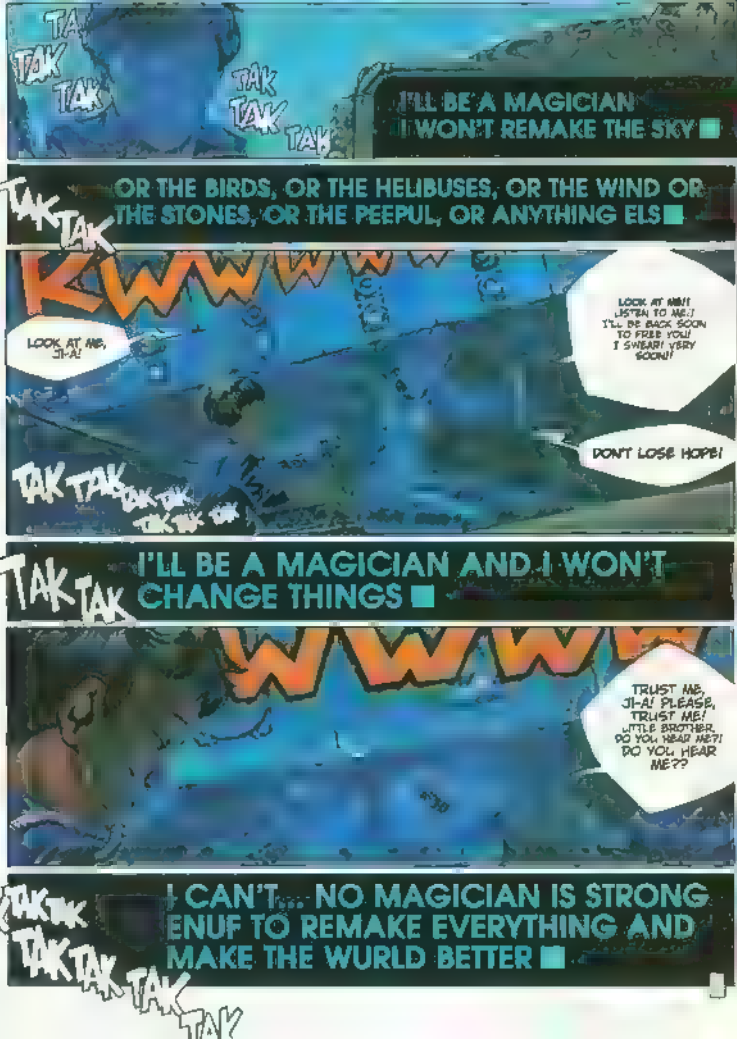

I KNOW THAT LUNGS THAT BREETH WELL,T HAT ARE NOT SICK, AND A HART, A REA L ONE, ARE VERY ESSPENSIVE... THE OTH ERS SAY THAT NO ONE IS RICH ENUF TO■

I HOPE YOU DON'T GET THE MONEY BY STEELING FROM NICE PEEPUL■.

GUESS THEY MUST BE SUM PRETTY ST RANGE SERVICES■


THESE SERVICES ENABLE CHILDREN TO GO OUT IN THE FRESH AIR..
THEY ENABLE CHILDREN TO SEE THE SKY AND TO FEEL THE COOL BREEZE....
IMAGINE IT!
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND IMAGINE THAT DAY.. OUTSIDE..
AND I'LL BE THERE WITH YOU! I'M SURE..

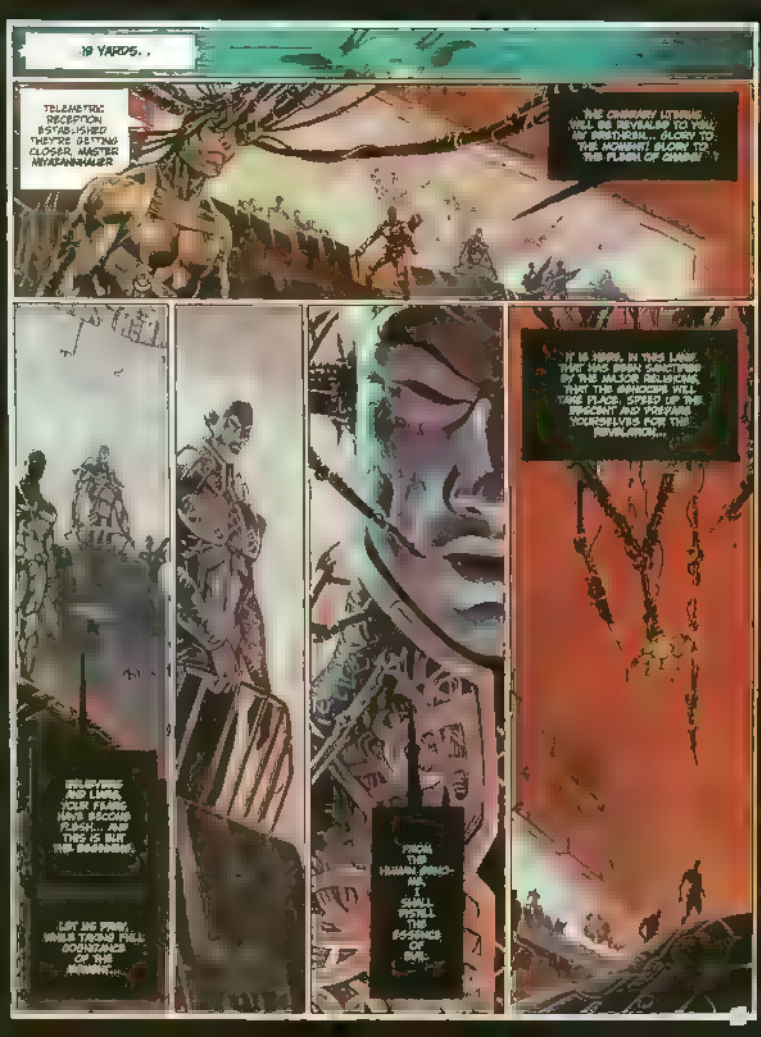
KLOOOO
??
KRWAAAA
IT'S IT'S WAT3, LITTLE JI-A. THEY'RE LOWERING THE BLINDS. VISITING HOURS ARE OVER.
I'LL BE BACK SOON. I NEED SEVEN MORE DAYS. JUST SEVEN MORE DAYS AND I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE. I PROMISE YOU! AND THEN YOUR SURVIVAL TREATMENT WILL BE OVER I PROMISE!!
WWWWW
LISTEN CAREFULLY NOW! I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER THE SKY AND THE COOL BREEZE! KEEP THAT PRECIOUS MOMENT IN YOUR HEART!!
REMEMBER IT, LITTLE MAGICIAN. WHAT COLOR WOULD YOU LIKE THE SKY TO BE WHEN YOU COME OUT? WHAT
YOU MAKE IT?


TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK
I'LL BE A MAGICIAN I WON'T REMAKE THE SKY
TAK TAK
OR THE BIRDS, OR THE HELIBUSES, OR THE WIND OR THE STONES, OR THE PEEPUL, OR ANYTHING ELS
KWWWW
LOOK AT ME, JI-A!
LOOK AT ME!! LISTEN TO ME! I'LL BE BACK SOON TO FREE YOU! I SWEAR! VERY SOON!!
DONT LOSE HOPE!
TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK
TAK TAK
I'LL BE A MAGICIAN AND I WON'T CHANGE THINGS
WWWW
TRUST ME, JI-A! PLEASE, TRUST ME! LITTLE BROTHER, DO YOU HEAR ME?! DO YOU HEAR ME??
TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK
I CAN'T... NO MAGICIAN IS STRONG ENUF TO REMAKE EVERYTHING AND MAKE THE WURLD BETTER

I CAN'T. ENUF TO AND MA
YIUUU
THE HEART OF JERUSALEM.
ECUMENICAL FORTRESS.
SAME TIME ELSEWHERE
DAILY ON THE WAILING WALL TO CELEBRATE THE REBIRTH OF THE GREAT YERUSHALAIM, THE ECUMENICAL FORTRESS HOUSES REPRESENTATIVES OF THE WORLD'S SIX MAJOR RELIGIONS, AS WELL AS OF COUNTLESS SECTS, HERESIES AND PAGAN MOVEMENTS. EACH CREED IS PROPORTIONALLY REPRESENTED ACCORDING TO THE INFLUENCE IT HAD IN THE LAST KINGDOM. ON EVERY FLOOR, THE HIGH-PRIEST DIPLOMATS OF EACH FAITH PRAY TO THEIR RESPECTIVE GODS, DETERMINE THE DOGMA AND TENETS OF THEIR CREED, AND SPREAD THE GLORY OF THEIR RELIGION.
THE FORTRESS IS A NEUTRAL HAVEN WHERE THE VARIOUS CREEDS COHABITATE IN A FRAGILE STATE OF PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE. THE HOLY ORDER IS SEVERELY IMPOSED AND UPHELD BY THE DISGUSTING POWER OF THE OPUS' ANDROMORPHS.
THE WAR MAINTAINS THE FRAGILE EQUILIBRIUM THAT REIGNS HERE. EACH RELIGION IS FREE TO ACT AND PRAY AS IT SEES FIT SO LONG AS IT DOES NOT UPSET THE COMMUNAL ORDER DECREED BY THE HOLY ECUMENICAL POWER.
THE WAR CONTINUES.

81ST-86TH FLOORS:
FORMER SECTORS OF THE EUROPEAN MYSTICAL ANARCHIST [redacted]
FOR THE PAST 18 MONTHS THEY HAVE UNITED UNDER A NEW NAME, THE PALEO-FASCIST ORDER, LED BY PERPETUAL DICTATOR DELFI MAYAZANNHALER.
HAVING REVIVED ANCIENT PAGAN BELIEFS, THE FOLLOWERS OF THIS SPLINTER GROUP WORSHIP THE PRIMAL FORCES OF DESTRUCTION WHICH THEY BELIEVE WILL BE CAPABLE OF BRINGING NEW LIFE TO THE CORRUPT TERRITORIES. THE PAGAN GODS OF THE PALEO-FASCISTS' PANTHEON OBEY THE ASSYRIAN DIVINITIES OF ETERNAL SUFFERING AND PERPETUAL REBIRTH.
THE NATURE OF THE PALEO-FASCIST ORDER IS BOTH RELIGIOUS AND PARAMILITARY, AND ITS MEMBERS HAVE OFTEN BEEN SUSPECTED OF RESPONSIBILITY IN ATTACKS AGAINST FELLOW COMMUNITIES, BUT SO FAR THE REMAINS OF THEIR HUMAN-BOMBS HAVE ELUDED IDENTIFICATION.
ALTHOUGH THE PALEO-FASCIST SPLINTER GROUP IS REGARDED AS AN OUTCAST BY THE MAJOR RELIGIONS, IT IS TOLERATED WITHIN THE COUNCIL BECAUSE, FOR REASONS THAT REMAIN UNCLEAR, IT POSSESSES UNIQUE KNOWLEDGE IN THE FIELD OF GENE-RECOMBINATION AND IS CAPABLE OF PROVIDING ANABO-NUCLEIC TREATMENT TO THE AGING PATRIARCHS OF THE ECUMENICAL POWER.
CHAPLAIN-PILOT HANS HERE. CAN YOU HEAR ME? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
MEDI-CAL AKKOL HERE. POOR RECEPTION 3/5. CONTINUING DESCENT.

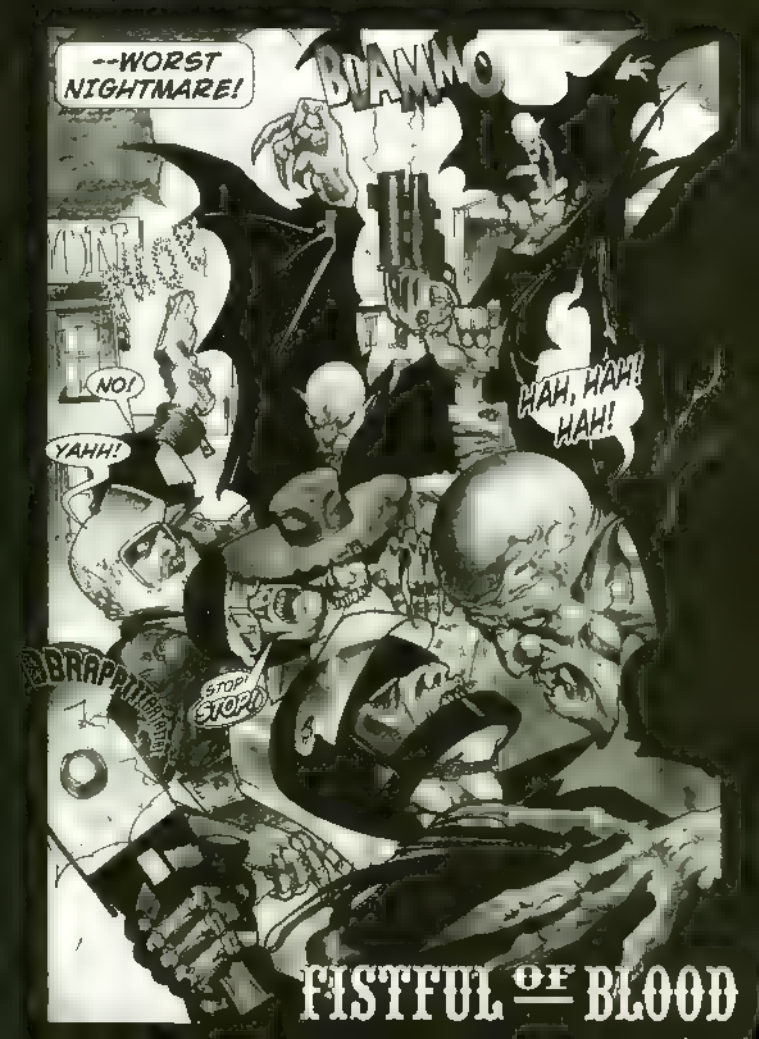
15 YARDS. BZZ. WE'RE LEAVING LEVEL ONE. WE ARE CONTINUING OUR DESCENT INTO THE HEART OF THE HOLY VAT..
DAMN IT, HANS! WE CAN'T SEE A THING. SWITCH ON THE LATERAL FLOOD LAMPS!!
..LATERAL FLOOD LAMPS ACTIVATED. ROTTEN VISIBILITY!
...PARTICLES NOW BEING SCATTERED AMASS BECOMING CLEAR. VISIBILITY LEVEL 5. WE'RE GETTING CLOSER. I'M GETTING A SIGNAL.
MEKO-ONE AVOLO.. I CONFIRM THE SIGNAL IS STRONGER. VISIBILITY LEVEL 3.
10 YARDS.


18 YARDS..
TELEMETRIC RECEPTION ESTABLISHED THEYRE GETTING CLOSER. MASTER MYKEANNHAUER
THE CHRONICLE LITERALLY WILL BE REVEALED TO YOU, MY BRETHREN... GLORY TO THE MOMENT! GLORY TO THE FLESH OF CHANGE!
IT IS HERE. IN THIS LAND THAT HAS BEEN SANCTIFIED BY THE MAJOR RELIGIONS THAT THE ARMAGEDDA WILL TAKE PLACE. SPEED UP THE ASCENT AND PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR THE REVELATION...
BELIEVERS AND LIARS, YOUR FEARS HAVE BECOME FLESH... AND THIS IS BUT THE BEGINNING.
LET ME PROVE, WHILE TAKING FULL COGNIZANCE OF THE MOMENT...
FROM THE HUMAN ANALOG-MIC, I SHALL DISTILL THE ESSENCE OF EVIL.

YOU ARE ABOUT TO GO THROUGH LEVEL TWO. THESE CLINICALLY RAW SURROUNDINGS...
...ARE BEING ACTIVELY KEPT ALIVE.
...THESE LIFEFORMS WHO HAVE GIVEN THEIR BLOOD FOR OUR SUPREME GOD.
GOING THROUGH LEVEL TWO, NO ?
HANS DO YOU SEE WHAT I S 7
...SINGTON IS THE CHANGE OF THE WEAK. DO NOT LET YOUR FEELINGS OVERWHELM YOU. CONTROL YOUR EMOTION...
SAMMY GIRL SLOWLY...
MOTHER OF GOD!
OUR PERSONAL AMBITIONS ARE NO LONGER RELEVANT... HE IS THE DESTROYER AND THE SAVIOR. LIKE HIM, WE MUST MOVE TOWARD OUR GOAL... TOWARD OUR SACRED OBSCURITY!

...NOW YOU'RE ENTERING ITS SPHERE. YOU'RE ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY...
MY LIGHTS ARE ON, BUT I STILL CAN'T SEE ANYTHING! NOT A THING!
..RELAX, HANS KEEP YOUR EYES WIDE OPEN, AND LET YOURSELF APPROACH THE BEING.
MY GOD... THERE HE IS !!
THE EVIL ONE HAS BEEN BORN.

CONTINUER EN PAGE 102


--WORST NIGHTMARE!
BLAMMO
NO!
YAHH!
HAH, HAH! HAH!
BRAPPP

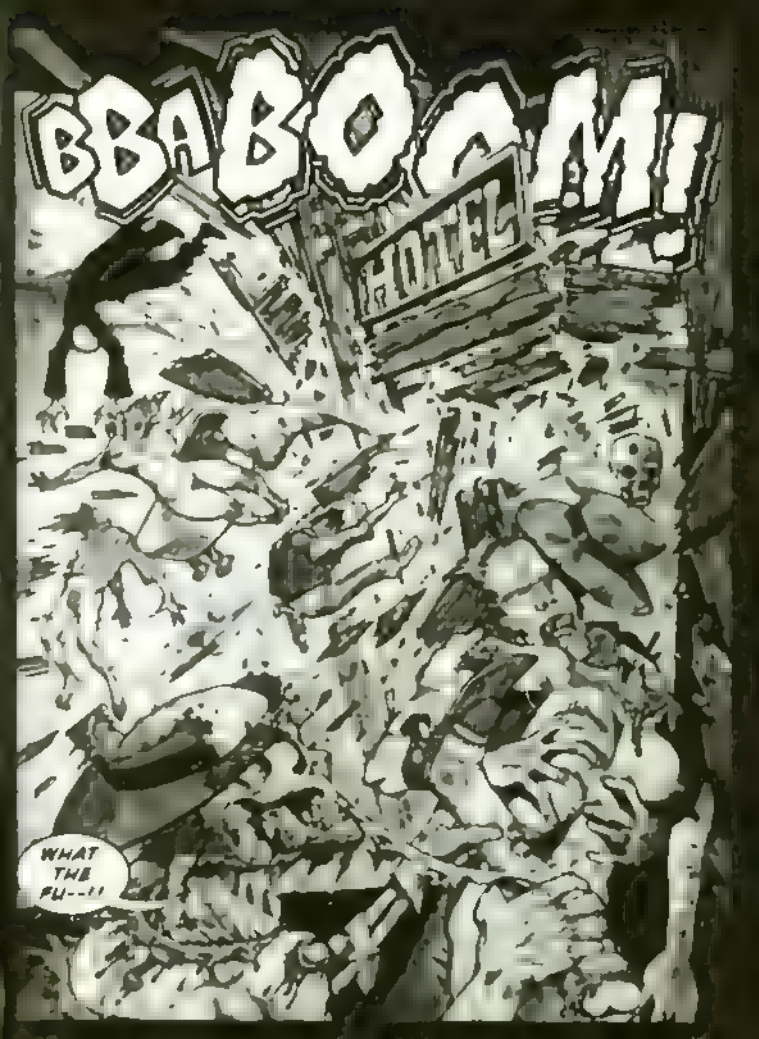
...OVE
HEAD SHOT"
FREAKY "ENTERS
YUM!
AROOH
YOU KNOW
BLAM
BLAM
EAT
THIS FREAK!
SHIT!
MMMmm
--SHOOTS--
--SCORES!!
SPUK!

NO! PLEASE DON HURT ME!
BLAM BLAM
DON'T WORRY WE WON'T HURT YOU HA HA
OH!
OHHH!
SEE I TOLD YOU HEH!
OH GOD!
RRIP RRIP
HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH!

...I CAN'T TAKE MUCH DEATH-BLOOD...
HUH?
RRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAHHHAAAAA
WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY?!
WE CAN'T KILL THEM!!
BRRRR

"HERE YOU ARE! I WONDERED WHERE YOU'D PUTTED OFF TO. WE HAVE UNFINISHED BUSINESS, YOU KNOW."
ALWAYS WANT FOR ONE MORE!
AHHH... I'LL HAVE ENOUGH OUT OF HER
BIKER NUGGETS. MAN HAH!
HEY I WANT SOME
KISS KISS!
SLIGHT PINCH. HEH!
END IT

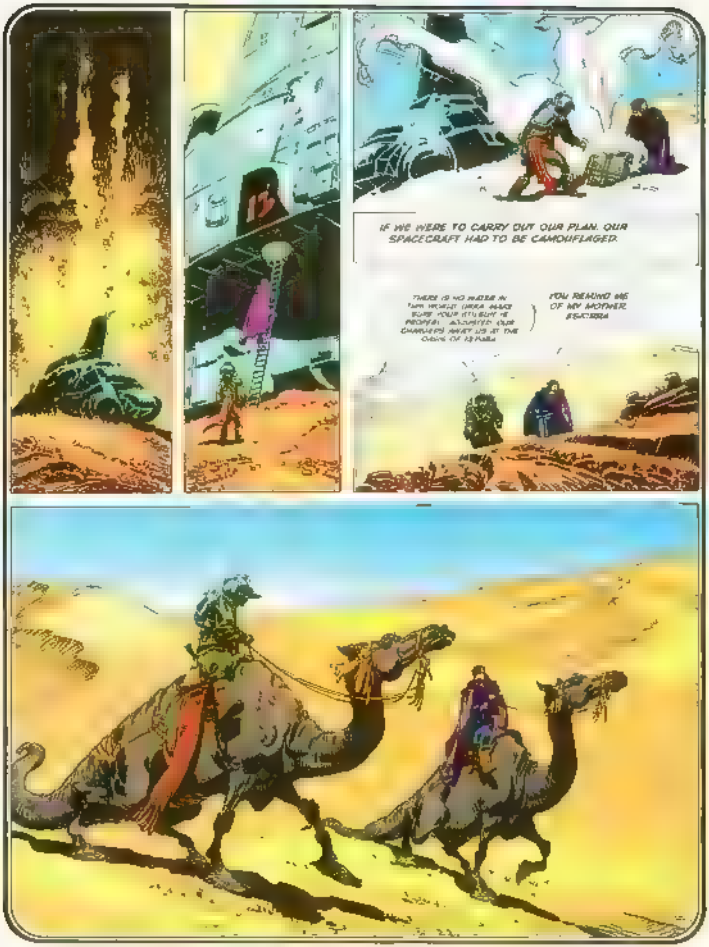
WHAT THE FU--!!


BBABOOOM!
HOTEL
WHAT THE FU---!!

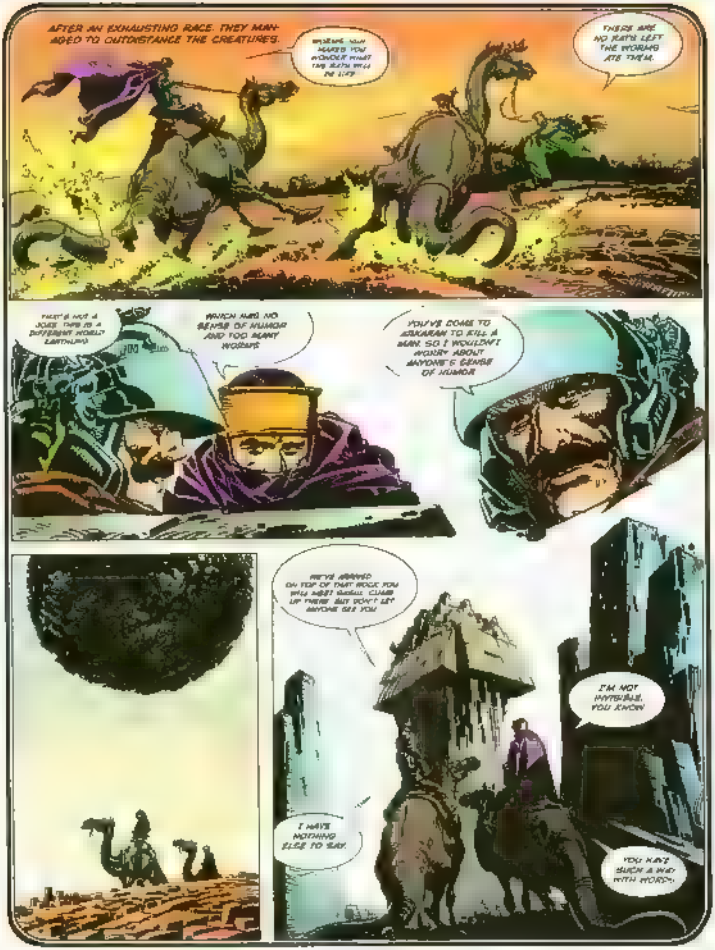
I RECALL
HEARING GETTING
MY FACE BLOWN
OFF IN...
OH! IN
ONLY MY FACE...
EAR 'S BURNT!
HOLY SHIT...
LOOK!!

TO BE
CONTINUED...

THE PYRAMID OF THE BLACK SUN
BY
A. SEGURA
& PENMEJO
ORKA


IF WE WERE TO CARRY OUT OUR PLAN, OUR SPACECRAFT HAD TO BE CAMOUFLAGED.
THERE IS NO MATTER IN THIS WORLD UNKA MAAS RUSE YOUR INTELLECT IS PROFOUND. ASSUMED OUR CHARACTERS WHAT LIE AT THE CORE OF ITS PUBLIC
YOU REMIND ME OF MY MOTHER, BEATRIXIA

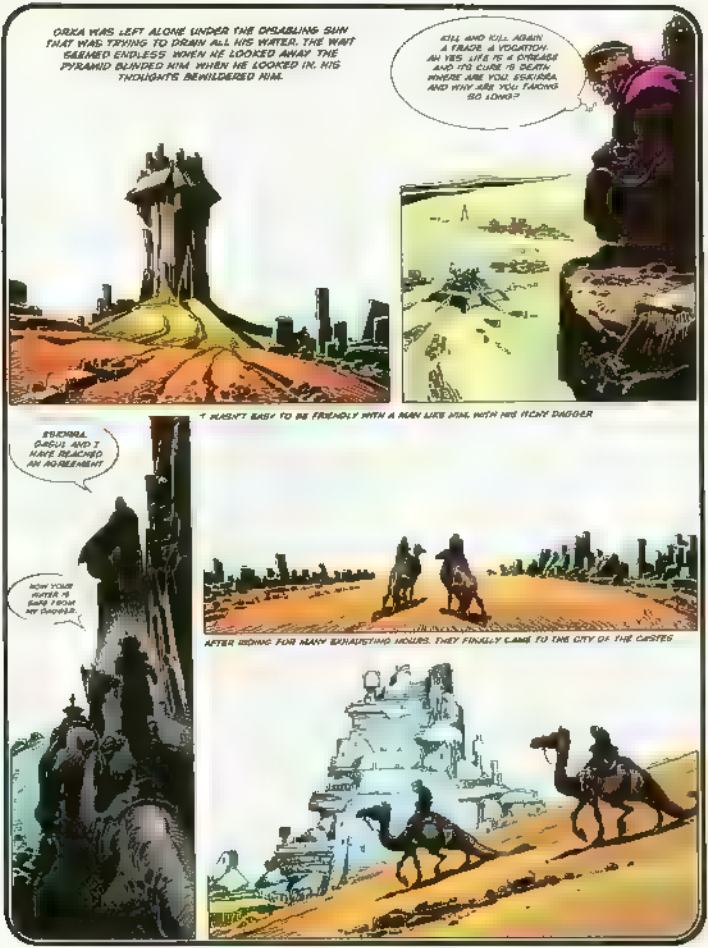
WATCH OUT ORKA! DESERT WORMS!
IN MY WORLD WORMS WAIT TILL YOU ARE DEAD
THESE DON'T! SO RUN FOR IT ORKA, IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!
THE MUTANT CAMELS BEGAN GALLOPING FRANTICALLY..
AS THE WORMS PUSHED THROUGH THE SAND AND RUSHED AFTER THEM LIKE FISH IN A DRY OCEAN


AFTER AN EXHAUSTING RACE, THEY MANAGED TO OUTDISTANCE THE CREATURES.
BREEDING YOUR MARES YOU WONDER WHAT THE RATIO WILL BE LIKE
THERE ARE NO RATS LEFT THE WORMS ATE THEM.
THIS IS NOT A JOKE. THIS IS A DIFFERENT WORLD! EARTHLING!
WHICH MEN. NO SENSE OF HUMOR AND TOO MANY WORMS
YOU'VE COME TO ASKARAM TO KILL A MAN. SO I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT ANYONE'S SENSE OF HUMOR
THEY'RE ARMED. ON TOP OF THAT ROCK YOU WILL MEET SHELL. CLIMB UP THERE. BUT DON'T LET ANYONE SEE YOU
I'M NOT INVISIBLE, YOU KNOW
I HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO SAY.
YOU HAVE SUCH A WAY WITH WORDS.

FROM THE TOP ORKA SURVEYED THE PYRAMID A GIANT DIAMOND REFRACTING THE BRIGHT RAYS OF THE SUN INTO A MYRIAD OF IRIDESCENT RAYS
SOON AFTER, THE BLACK SUN REMINDED HIM THAT HE WAS IN HELL.
THE FEARFUL BLACK SUN THAT WAS AVIDLY DRINKING UP THE WATER OF HIS GTI-SUIT
HE WAS COMPLETELY ABSORBED WHEN HE CREPT UP BEHIND HIM
THERE YOU ARE. ARE YOU DEAD OR ALIVE?
ALIVE. BUT I CAN'T SAY THAT MAKES MY ENEMIES HAPPY
YOU LOOK LIKE AN OLD MAN WHO'S TIRED OF LIVING. ARE YOU THE MAN THE BROTHERHOOD SENT TO KILL ME?

ARE YOU THE ONE WHO HAS THE BROTHERHOOD FOR ME TO KILL BLEKOR?
YES. I AM. THEY CALL ME BASIL. YOU WERE SENT TO SEE ME
TELL ME ABOUT BLEKOR. THE MAN I MUST KILL
HE ISN'T A MAN. HE'S A TYRANT
AND AS WE ALL KNOW, TYRANTS ARE MADE OF A DIFFERENT METTLE. ALL HE THINKS ABOUT IS HIS OWN IMMORTALITY. HE WANTS HIS ASHES TO REST IN THE PYRAMID. IN THE MEANTIME, THE BLACK SUN SUCKS UP THE LITTLE WATER WE HAVE LEFT AND SO WE HIDE BY THE SHADOWS AND SHARPEN OUR KNIVES
IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO SHARPEN THEM. THEY MUST BE USED. WHY KILL A KILLER FROM ANOTHER WORLD? KILLING ISN'T THAT DIFFICULT
NO ONE MUST SUSPECT US. OR A WAR WILL BREAK OUT. IT'D BETTER TO HIRE A FOREIGNER WHO COMES... AND THEN LEAVES
IF HE WAS THE TIME TO GO
I'LL MAKE A RICH MAN OF YOU, GRACA. YOU CAN HAVE WHAT EVER YOU WANT. YOU'LL SEE
A TOP-CLASS FUNERAL!

YOU'RE USING UP MY PATIENCE. LIKE THE BLACK SUN DRAWS THE WATER FROM OUR ROBES, SINCE WHEN DO KILLERS HAVE? DOESN'T A "TREATY MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
SOMETHING MURKY. SUBUL. SOMETHING MURKY
ORKA, ORKA, LIFE DOESN'T WAIT. WHY ARE YOU MAKING LIFE WAIT? WHAT DIFFERENCE WILL YOUR HESITATIONS MAKE?
I KNOW YOU'LL END UP BUYING YES..
THAT'S WHY I'VE BROUGHT YOU THE MURDER WEAPON A LASER GUN
SO, IS THAT THE RUMOUR YOU WERE TELLING ME ABOUT?
IT WAS ONLY AN IMAGE. A POETIC IMAGE. YOU KNOW WHAT POETRY IS, DON'T YOU, ORKA?
IT'S THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT I'M DOING
WELL, YOU CAN'T DO EVERYTHING...
RELAX, SUBUL. I'LL KILL BLEKOS.
THAT'S BETTER, ZORRA. WILL GO WITH YOU AS FAR AS THE CITY OF THE LAWLESS. DON'T FORGET YOU MUST PIERCE BLEKOS' SUIT AND MAKE HIM LOSE HIS WATER. THEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO LEAVE.
WHEN WILL I MEET THE TYRANT?
TOMORROW DURING THE SOLAR RITES. GO WITH LAETION AND TRUST IN ZACARIA. DOORWAYS ARE YOUR WATER ALWAYS SO SWEET
WHAT SHOULD I EXPECT?


ORIXA WAS LEFT ALONE UNDER THE DISABLING SUN THAT WAS TRYING TO DRAIN ALL HIS WATER. THE WAIT SEEMED ENDLESS. WHEN HE LOOKED AWAY THE PYRAMID BLINDED HIM. WHEN HE LOOKED IN, HIS THOUGHTS BEWILDERED HIM.
KILL AND KILL AGAIN. A TRADE, A VOCATION. AH YES, LIFE IS A DISEASE AND ITS CURE IS DEATH. WHERE ARE YOU, SEKHIRA, AND WHY ARE YOU TAKING SO LONG?
IT WASN'T EASY TO BE FRIENDLY WITH A MAN LIKE HIM, WITH HIS HUGE DAGGER
SEKHIRA, ORGUL AND I HAVE REACHED AN AGREEMENT
NOW, YOUR WATER IS SAFE FROM MY DAGGER.
AFTER RIDING FOR MANY EXHAUSTING HOURS, THEY FINALLY CAME TO THE CITY OF THE CASTES

ORKA WANTED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE CASTES HE WOULD KILL BUT NOT BLINDLY HE HAD TO KNOW WHO HIS VICTIM WAS
IT WAS NO USE QUESTIONING ESKIRRA. AND IT COULD ALSO BE DANGEROUS. AS DANGEROUS AS SPITTING IN HIS WATER
ESKIRRA, WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF SOMEONE SPAT IN YOUR WATER?
THEY WOULDN'T LIVE TO TALK ABOUT IT
SHOULD'VE KNOWN
ESKIRRA TOOK HIM TO A STONE MANSION, FAR OUT OF TOWN.
SLEEP PEACE-FULLY ORKA. I'LL WATCH OVER YOU.
NO ESKIRRA I'M THE ONE WHO'LL WATCH OVER YOU. I DON'T TRUST YOU, OR GABUL. OR EVEN MYSELF. MY MIND'S MADE UP TONIGHT I'LL GO INTO TOWN
QUIETLY HE PREPARED HIS NEEDLE GUN, FIXING THE SMALL HEAD

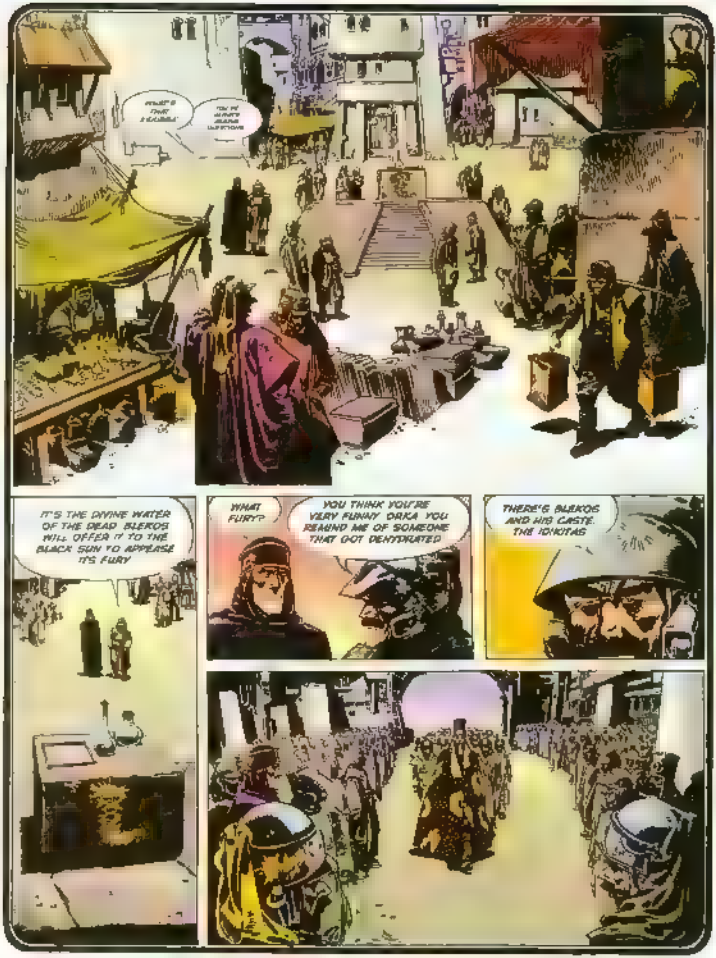
THEN HE DRILLED A TINY HOLE... BUT LARGE ENOUGH TO BE ABLE TO SEE THROUGH
AS HE PEERED THROUGH IT HIS EYE NOW ESKURRA WAS WATCHING OVER HIM.
CIRKA TOOK OUT A FINE METAL TUBE NO THICKER THAN A HAIR, AND BLEW INTO IT A MICROSCOPIC DART PUNCTURED ESKURRA'S STILSUIT AND THE DRUG INSTANTLY KNOCKED HIM OUT
CIRKA USED HIS NEEDLE GUN TO UNLOCK THE DOOR. ESKURRA WAS STILL IN A DEEP SLEEP. THE DRUG HAD WORKED... AND THE WAY WAS CLEAR.
WHEN THEY ARE ASLEEP EVEN THE WORST ROGUES LOOK LIKE ANGELS
HE OPENED ESKURRA'S PECTORAL WATER BAG AND SPAT INTO IT. WHAT THE HELL... A PROMISE WAS A PROMISE.

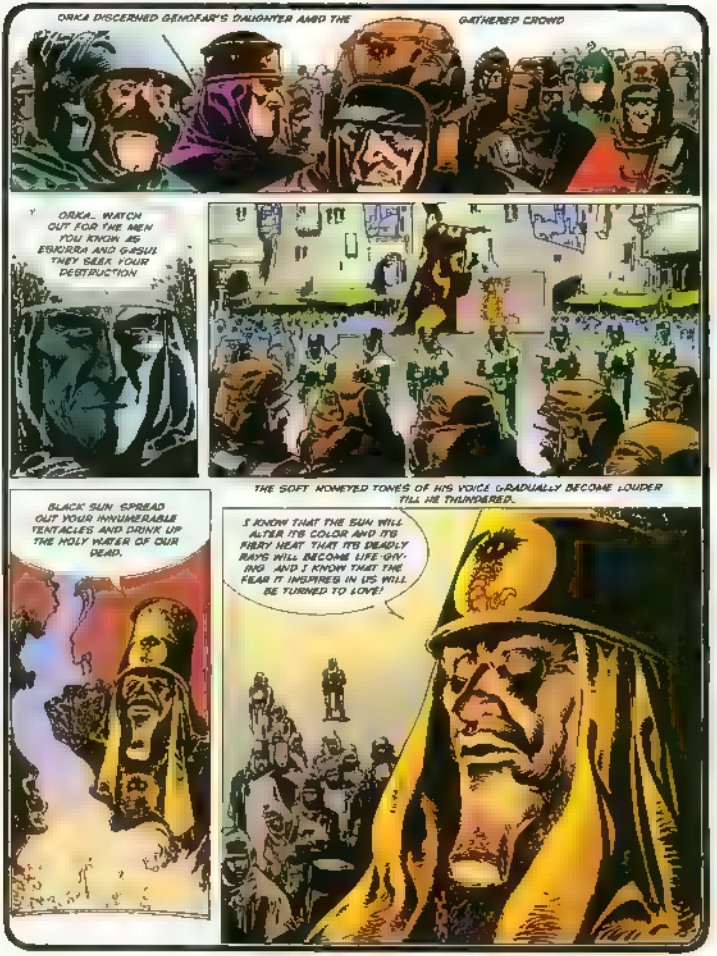
AS HE WALKED THROUGH THE TOWN'S LABYRINTHINE ALLEYS, HE REALIZED HE WAS BEING FOLLOWED.
IT CAN'T BE VERY PLEASANT TO BE KILLED FROM BEHIND
HE HID BEHIND A CORNER AND WAITED TO SURPRISE
NO MUSIC IS MORE PLEASANT TO MY EARS THAN THE RATTLE OF WEAPONS CLATTERING.
CROC

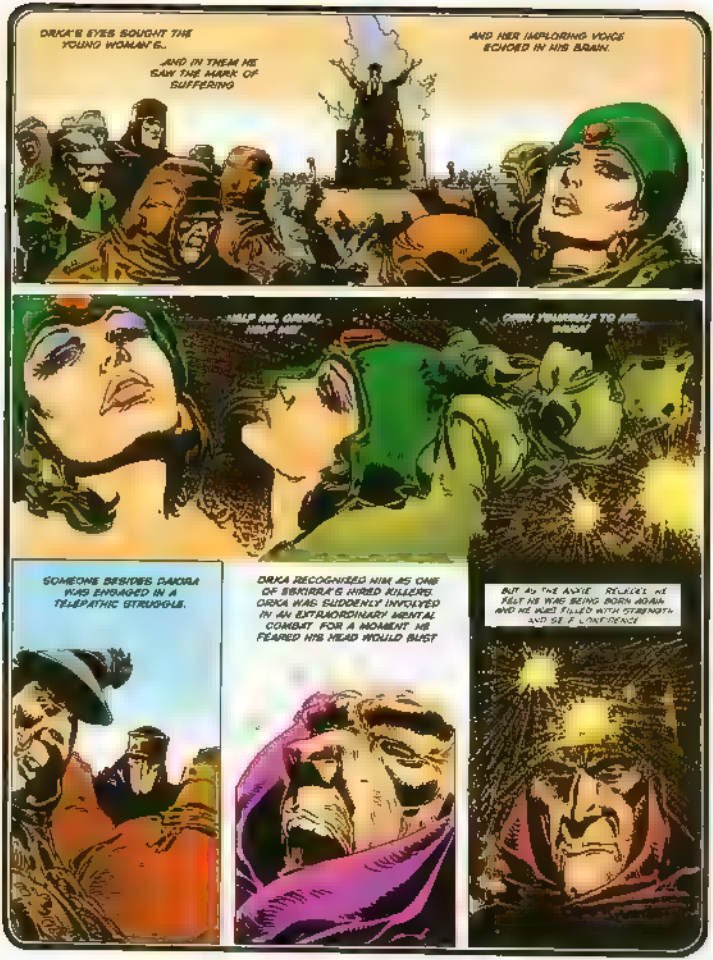
...OR THE CRUNCHING OF A BREASTBONE OR THE SNAPPING OF A NECK
HE HAD BEEN AWAY FOR A LONG TIME BUT HE HADN'T ACCOMPLISHED ANYTHING YET
IT WAS THEN, WHILE HE WAS WANDERING THROUGH ONE OF THE BAZAARS, THAT HE RECEIVED A TELEPATHIC MESSAGE. THE SENDER WAS A CREATURE OF HIS OWN RACE
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME
I RECOGNIZED YOU AS ONE OF MY OWN COME INTO MY HOME

I KNOW YOU WERE SENT BY THE BROTHERHOOD. YOU ARE A KILLER. MY DAUGHTER DAKIRA READ THAT IN YOUR MIND. WHY HAVE YOU COME TO ARKARAN?
IF YOU KNOW SO MUCH, WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME YOURSELF?
I'VE BEEN HIRED BY A MEMBER OF THE KOSIKA CASTE. MY TASK IS TO BREAK AN EGG CONTAINING A SNAKE
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A JOB...
IT'S OUT MY STYLE, SAYOA
ORKA CONFIDED IN THE OLD MAN, AND TOLD HIM ALL ABOUT HIS MISSION
DAKIRA, IS HE TELLING THE TRUTH?
YES, FATHER. HIS TRANSPARENT MIND IS NOT HIDING ANYTHING.
MY NAME IS GENOFAR ORKA. I HAVE NO OTHER STRENGTH BESIDES THAT OF MY MANY YEARS. YOU SAY YOU WILL KILL BLEKOS.
AND I ASK YOU, WHY? HIS WHOLE CLAN SHARES HIS DREAM OF IMMORTALITY
IT'S ALWAYS THE CASTES. ONE COMES TO POWER AND THE OTHER ONE IMMEDIATELY STARTS PLOTTING TO OVERTHROW IT
WHO'S RIGHT? IT DOESN'T MATTER! THE BROTHERHOOD HAS ITS REASONS FOR SENDING A KILLER HERE
ARKARAN IS THE WORLD OF THE BLACK SUN. BUT THE COLOR OF THE SUN DOESN'T MATTER. THE SAME TRAGEDIES OCCUR HERE AS ELSEWHERE. IN SOME WORLDS THERE ARE TERRIBLE FLOODS, AND IN OTHERS, LIKE OURS, WATER IS A PRICELESS TREASURE

THE MURDER OF BLEKOS WILL LEAD TO A CLAN WAR. SOME WILL KILL AND OTHERS WILL BE KILLED
YOU WILL LEAVE.
BUT WE WILL REMAIN BEHIND, WATCHING THE MEN WITHOUT WATER AND WITHOUT BLOOD
MY JOB IS TO KILL NOT TO REASON WHY SHOULD I WORRY ABOUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT?
YOU JUST USED YOUR REASON TO ASK THAT QUESTION! DON'T FOOL YOURSELF ORKA. YOU HAVE SCRUPLES!
OKAY SO WHAT SHOULD I DO, GENOFAR?
FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF WE WILL HELP YOU. IF YOU WANT BLEKOS WILL APPEAR TOMORROW AT THE SOLAR RITE. HE WILL MAKE THE OFFERING OF DIVINE WATER. REMEMBER THAT THE RULER'S DEATH WILL LEAD TO MANY OTHER DEATHS AND PROBABLY TO A TERRIBLE CASTE WAR
GET UP ORKA
WHAT'S THE MATTER, ESKURRA?
IT'S AS CLEAR AS SPRING WATER
TWO OF MY MEN LOST THEIR WATER LAST NIGHT WHOEVER DID IT MIGHT NOT LONG TO LIVE


WHAT'S THAT I HEARD?
TOK'M! WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING
IT'S THE DIVINE WATER OF THE DEAD BLEKOS WILL OFFER IT TO THE BLACK SUN TO APPEASE ITS FURY
WHAT FURY?
YOU THINK YOU'RE VERY FUNNY DAKA YOU REMIND ME OF SOMEONE THAT GOT DEMITRATED
THERE'S BLEKOS AND HIS CASTE. THE IDIOTAS


ORKA DISCERNED GEMDEAR'S DAUGHTER AMID THE GATHERED CROWD
ORKA.. WATCH OUT FOR THE MEN YOU KNOW AS ESHORRA AND GASUL THEY SEEK YOUR DESTRUCTION
THE SOFT HONEYED TONES OF HIS VOICE GRADUALLY BECOME LOUDER TILL HE THUNDERED..
BLACK SUN SPREAD OUT YOUR INNUMERABLE TENTACLES AND DRINK UP THE HOLY WATER OF OUR DEAD.
I KNOW THAT THE SUN WILL ALTER ITS COLOR AND ITS FIERY HEAT THAT ITS DEADLY RAYS WILL BECOME LIFE GIVING AND I KNOW THAT THE FEAR IT INSPIRES IN US WILL BE TURNED TO LOVE!

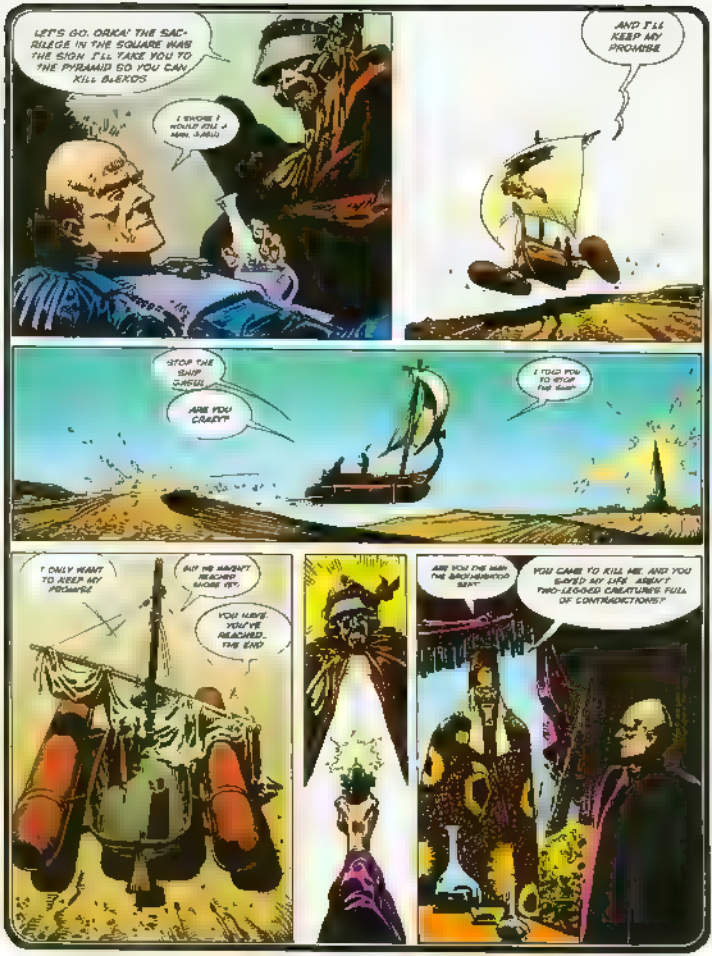

DRKA'S EYES SOUGHT THE YOUNG WOMAN'S..
AND IN THEM HE SAW THE MARK OF SUFFERING
AND HER IMPLORING VOICE ECHOED IN HIS BRAIN.
HELP ME, ORKAL HELP ME!
OPEN YOURSELF TO ME, ORKAL!
SOMEONE BESIDES DAKORA WAS ENGAGED IN A TELEPATHIC STRUGGLE.
DRKA RECOGNIZED HIM AS ONE OF SSKIRRA'S HIRED KILLERS. ORKA WAS SUDDENLY INVOLVED IN AN EXTRAORDINARY MENTAL COMBAT. FOR A MOMENT HE FEARED HIS HEAD WOULD BURST
BUT AS THE ANGLE RELIEVED HE FELT HE WAS BEING BORN AGAIN AND HE WAS FILLED WITH STRENGTH AND SELF CONFIDENCE

ESKIRRA'S HIRED KILLER CRIED OUT AND MOVED FORWARD, AS THOUGH HE HAD JUST BEEN BLINDED.
THE CREATURE THAT RAN AS IT CROPED UNSEEINGLY WAS NO LONGER A MAN. BUT THE SHADOW OF ONE
MY EYES ARE BOILING!
IN HIS BLIND PANIC, HE OVERTURNED THE HOLY WATER
BACHLAG!
THE BLACK SUN WILL AVENGE THIS DESECRATION!
MAY YOU BE DAMNED FOR THIS BLASPHEME, BLEACH!
OKAY, WHERE ARE YOU

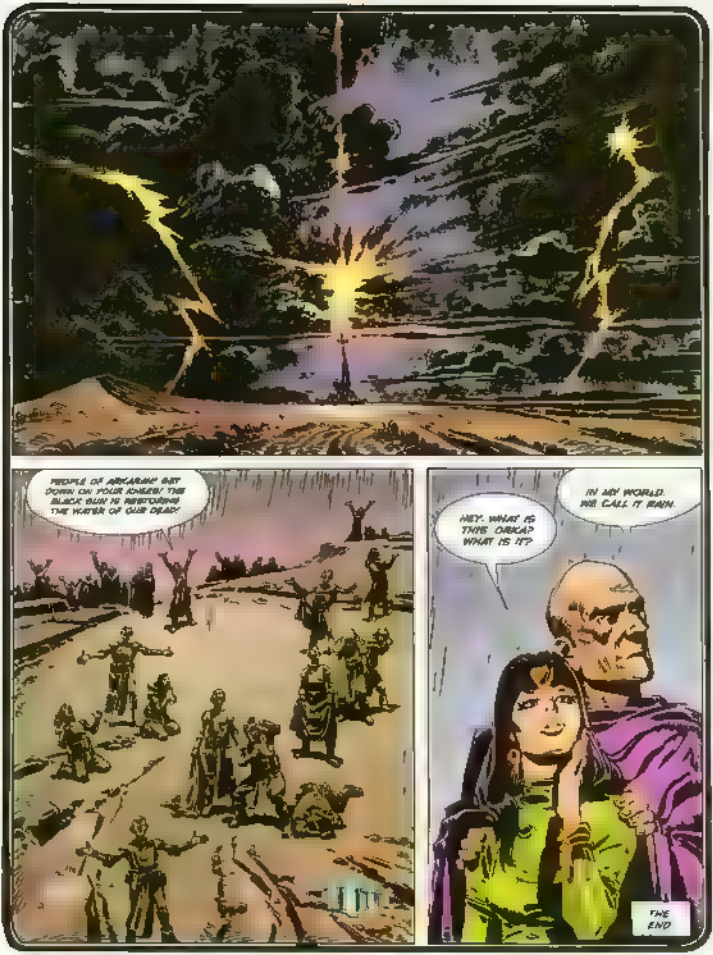
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
WHAT HAPPENED?
GET ZAKIRA TO TELL YOU! SHE KNOWS
I DON'T LIKE THIS.
I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL
LET'S GO TO YOUR HOUSE
NO. WE'LL BE SAFER AT THE TEMPLE
OMERA, COME HERE! DAMN YOU
THE WATER OF THE DEAD HAS BEEN SPILLED!
THE BLACK SUN IS CLAMOURING FOR REVENGE
BLEROS HAS REFUSED THE SUN!

WHAT HAD HEARD TO YOU, EARTHLING?
THE MESSAGE ABOUT MY EVIL FATHER THAT YOU ALWAYS...
THE MEN THAT HAILED YOU HAD A TELEPATHIC SPY IN ORDER TO DEFEAT HIM, I LOCKED MY MIND WITH YOURS, ORKA. AND THANKS TO YOU I WON THE BATTLE. NOW I KNOW THE TRUTH. BLEKOS HAS SUCCEEDED IN DOMINATING THE ENERGY OF THE BLACK SUN. THE FUTURE WILL BE DIFFERENT. THE SUN WILL BECOME A BLESSING ONCE MORE.
ORKA, YOU MUSTN'T KILL BLEKOS. WHAT LIES IN HIS HEART IS NOT A ROTTEN PLANT BUT THE WELL-BEING OF OUR PLANET.
WORDS, WORDS. BUT I AM AN ANGEL OF DEATH. AND MUST REMAIN FAITHFUL TO WHAT I HAVE SWORN.
MY TASK IS TO KILL A MAN, NOT TO FEEL SORRY FOR HIM.
THAT'S HIM! A SACRILEGIOUS FOREIGNER! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
ESKIRRA
LET'S GO! NOW, LET'S THROW HIM TO THE DEVOURA TYCHON!

HE OFFERED NO RESISTANCE AND LET THEM BEAT HIM UP. THERE WOULD BE TIME TO DIE
NO ONE TRIES TO TRICK EBLISSEA AND GETS AWAY WITH IT, SCLERIAN.
WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES, HE WAS SURPRISED TO FIND THAT HE WAS STILL ALIVE
POOR ORKA WHO HAD CRAVED EVERNAL LIFE
HAVE YOU COME TO KILL ME?
YES, BUT VERY SLOWLY. HEL-THER ONE OF US IS IN A HURRY RIGHT?
EVERY TIME WE MEET YOU'RE SWEATING, ORKA.
WELL I'M NOT BUT DON'T TELL ANYONE DASUL

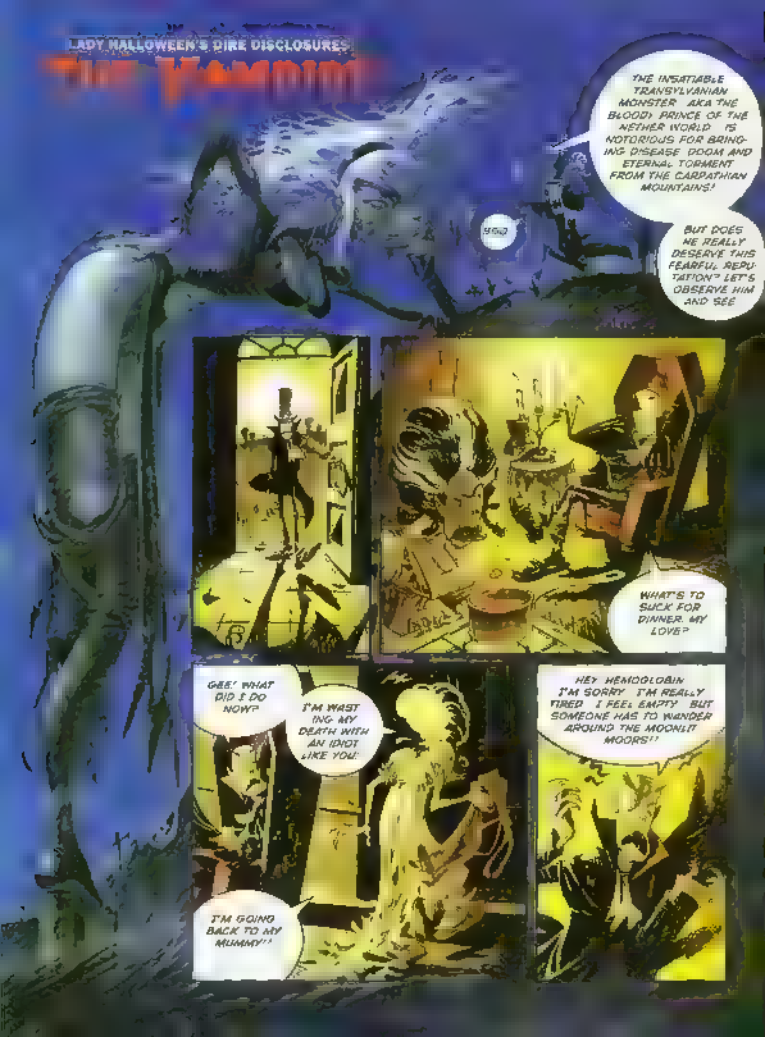

LET'S GO, ORKA! THE SACRILEGE IN THE SQUARE WAS THE SIGN. I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE PYRAMID SO YOU CAN KILL BLEKOS
I SWORE I WOULD KILL A MAN. SMELL!
AND I'LL KEEP MY PROMISE
STOP THE SHIP! CARELL!
ARE YOU CRAZY?
I TOLD YOU TO STOP THE SHIP!
I ONLY WANT TO KEEP MY PROMISE
BUT HE MUSN'T REACH THOSE TIP.
YOU HAVE. YOU'VE REACHED THE END
ARE YOU THE MAN THE BRACHIANOID SEEK?
YOU CAME TO KILL ME, AND YOU SAVED MY LIFE. ARGH!? TWO-LEGGED CREATURES FULL OF CONTRADICTIONS!?

I DON'T KNOW BUT I DO KNOW THAT THEY WILL TRY TO KILL YOU AGAIN.
SO, LIFE IS OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE. NOW THAT THE PYRAMID HAS BEEN COMPLETED. COME WITH ME. YOU'RE GOING TO WITNESS A FIRST ON THE PLANET OF THE BLACK SUN
DON'T BE AFRAID OMEGA. ARE HEAVY WARRIORS NO MATCH
WROMM


PEOPLE OF ARKARIA! GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES! THE BLACK SUN IS RETURNING THE WATER OF OUR DEAD!
HEY. WHAT IS THIS ORCA? WHAT IS IT?
IN MY WORLD. WE CALL IT RAIN.
THE END

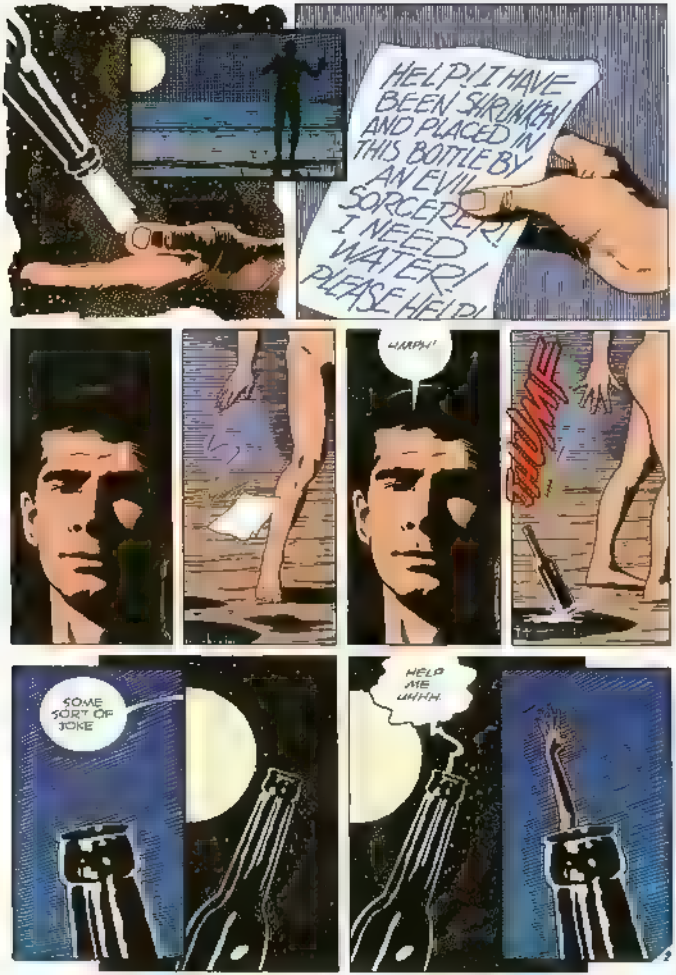
LADY HALLOWEEN'S DIRE DISCLOSURES:

# THE VAMPIRE


THE INSATIABLE TRANSYLVANIAN MONSTER AKA THE BLOOD PRINCE OF THE NETHER WORLD IS NOTORIOUS FOR BRINGING DISEASE DOOM AND ETERNAL TORMENT FROM THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS!
YEAH
BUT DOES HE REALLY DESERVE THIS FEARFUL REPUTATION? LET'S OBSERVE HIM AND SEE
WHAT'S TO SUCK FOR DINNER MY LOVE?
HEY HEMOGLOBIN I'M SORRY I'M REALLY TIRED I FEEL EMPTY BUT SOMEONE HAS TO WANDER AROUND THE MOONSIT MOORS!!
GEE! WHAT DID I DO NOW?
I'M WASTING MY DEATH WITH AN IDIOT LIKE YOU!
I'M GOING BACK TO MY MUMMY!!

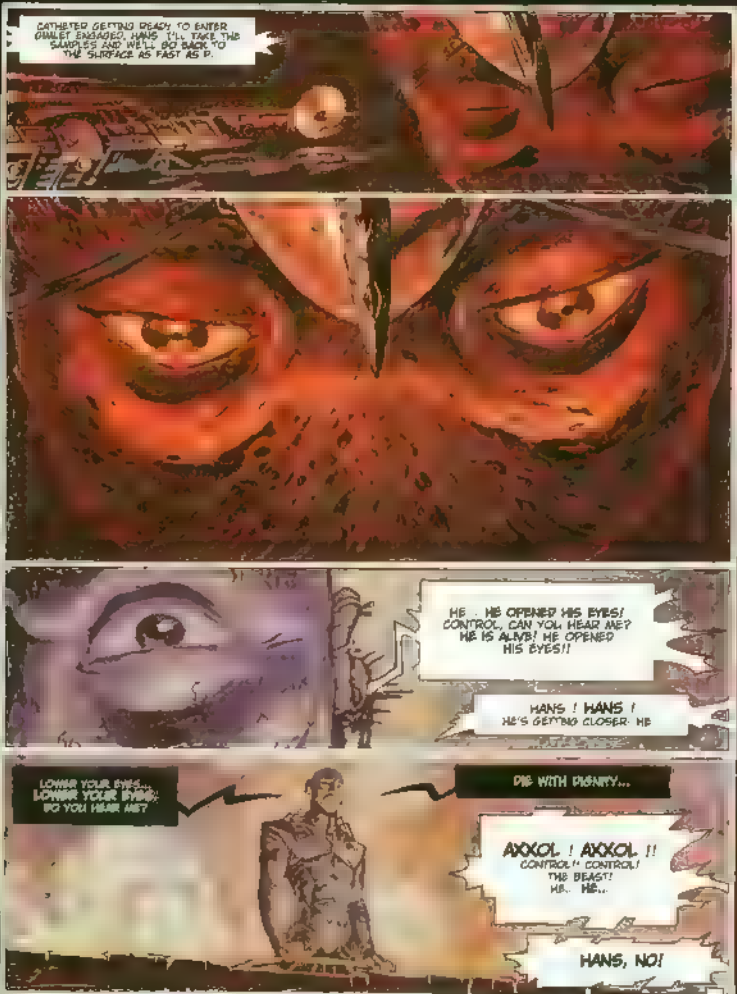
THAT'S NOT A GOOD ENOUGH REASON TO JUMP INTO YOUR COFFIN WITHOUT GIVING ME A DEADLY KISS OR A LETHAL SQUEEZE!
YOU KNOW YOU LOOK QUITE HORRIBLE WHEN YOU GET MAD!!!
STOP! YOU'RE MAKING ME BLUSH!!!
COME NOW GIVE US A CUDDLE COME AND COOL OFF IN MY EMBRACE MY DEAR DEAD THING.
WHAT ARE THOSE BLOND HAIRS ON YOUR COAT DRACUL?!
WHAT? HAIRS? OH... NOTHING I SUCKED A LAMB FOR LUNCH!
HOW POETIC! IT SEEMS PRETTY OBVIOUS TO ME IN THEIR DAILY LIVES VAMPIRES ARE DEPRESSINGLY DULL AND MISERABLY MEDIOCRE..
SBLURP! BUT THEIR CUISINE IS DELICIOUSLY DREADFUL!

MY SECRET SAVIOR
by Al Ryan & John Workman
?


HELP! I HAVE BEEN SHRUNKEN AND PLACED IN THIS BOTTLE BY AN EVIL SORCERER! I NEED WATER! PLEASE HELP!
WARP!
THUMP
SOME SORT OF JOKE
HELP ME UHHH.

SNAP
THANK YOU!
SPLASH!
HUH?!
THE END

SLOWLY... YES THAT'S RIGHT
THAT'S RIGHT KEEP CALM, HANS. CLOSER SLOWLY NOW.
CHECKING COORDINATES. PROBE OK. MICRO-CATHETER OK.
READY TO TAKE NEURAL SAMPLE
CAREFUL. CAREFUL!


CATHETER GETTING READY TO ENTER GIMLET ENGAGED. HANS I'LL TAKE THE SAMPLES AND WE'LL GO BACK TO THE SURFACE AS FAST AS P.
HE... HE OPENED HIS EYES! CONTROL, CAN YOU HEAR ME? HE IS ALIVE! HE OPENED HIS EYES!!
HANS ! HANS ! HE'S GETTING CLOSER. HE
LOWER YOUR EYES... LOWER YOUR EYES. DO YOU HEAR ME?
DIE WITH DIGNITY...
AXXOL ! AXXOL !! CONTROL!! CONTROL! THE BEAST! HE.. HE...
HANS, NO!

LOWER YOUR EYES AND DIE WITH DIGNITY. DO YOU HEAR ME?
HONOR THE BEAST.
HE IS MASTER MYASAMAMAKER. HE IS MOVING!
HE IS SWARMING WITH...
DAMN IT AXXOL! WHERE IS HE?? DO YOU READ ME?! THE SUBJECT IS GOING OUT OF CONTROL!
HANS! HANS!!
CELEBRATE! HE COMING WITH RESPECT.
THE PRESAGE HIS FACE!
DON'T LET HIM.
TSHÖ
CELEBRATE! HE COMING!
AXXOL !
BY ALL THE DEMONS! HE...!!
HE...!!
AXXOL!
AXXOL MY HANDS... A.. ARE ON FIRE!!
MY HANDS! NO..
SQUIR
THEY...

...AND THEY WILL WORSHIP THE BEAST AND OBEY ITS EVERY COMMAND, AND THEY WILL STRIVE TO H' ALL THE END OF TIME...
...REMEMBER ALL CONTACTS WITH THEM.
MY HOLY GROUP...ALL OF YOU THAT ARE PRESENT HERE, PREPARE YOURSELVES, FOR THE MOMENT OF BIRTH IS NEAR.
...AND SO NOW, I ASSEMBLE YOU...
LET US ALL LOWER OUR EYES ...
RRRRRRRRR
YIUUU
YI...

KLUMSH
JI-A!!
DON'T LOSE FAITH IN ME! DO YOU HEAR ME??
I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THERE, I SWEAR, JI-A!
OH LITTLE BROTHER, I PROMISE YOU...
TAK TUK TAK

DO YOU KNOW
TAK TAK TAK
TAK TAK TAK
TAK TAK
DO YOU KNOW ANY MAGICIAN THAT'S STRONG ENUF TO HAVE BEAUTIFOOL IDEAS IN HIS HEAD?
END OF TRANSMISSION
VISITING HOURS RESUME: 13:00 E.S.T.
OPUS!! HELIPORT SECTOR. WE'VE LOST ALL CONTROL OF THE CROW.
SOMETHING INSIDE ME FEELS AGITATED... I MINGLE WITH THE CROWD. THE AIR... THE AIR IS INFESTED WITH FUNERARY INCENSE
JHA... NOW THAT THE BIRTHRATE IS LESS THAN 0.2, YOUR LIFE IS A PRICELESS GEM, A DEAR DIAMOND

DJORKIN'S SYNDROME, THE MOST OBSAGED FORM OF GENETIC DEGENERACY

SAINT SAVIOR'S CONCOURSE, WESTERN HELIPORT .. DENSE HUMIDITY ..
THE TENSE MOVEMENT OF HEAT-CONVOYS, THE DIN OF THE ROTORS
MY FACE HARDENS WITH CONTAINED ANGER. NOW, NOW, I'LL ALTER THE DATA!
I'M LEAVING A MESSAGE ON THE VISICOM FOR APPELBAUER, THE ADENOPATHOLOGIST WHO HAS BEEN
FOLLOWING JI-A'S PROGRESS FOR THE PAST FOUR YEARS. I'LL TELL HIM TO RESERVE THE OPERATING THEATER,
THE MATERIAL, EVERYTHING... IN EXACTLY SEVEN DAYS I'LL HAVE THE MONEY FOR THE OPERATION,
INCLUDING HIS PAYOFF

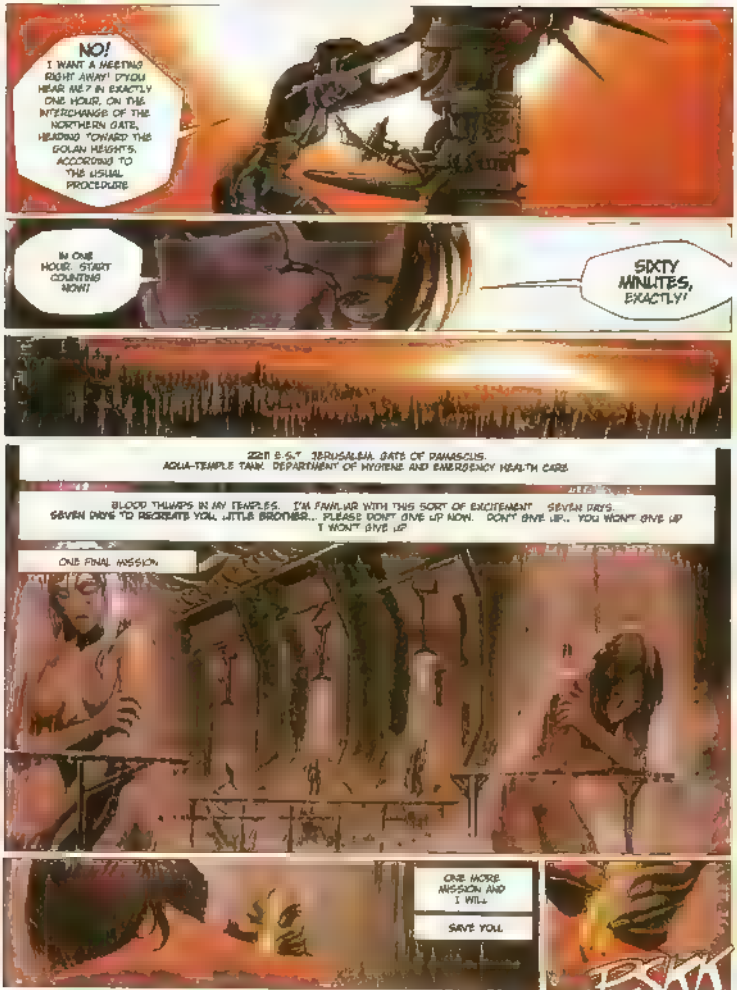
JI-A'S TOTAL GENETIC RECONSTRUCTION WILL FINALLY CURE HIM. THE PRICE IS EXORBITANT, BUT IT WILL FREE HIM FROM FURTHER PARTIAL REGENERATIONS, TEMPORARY SELF-TRANSPLANTS AND ALL THE OTHER HORRORS

21:30 E.S.T.

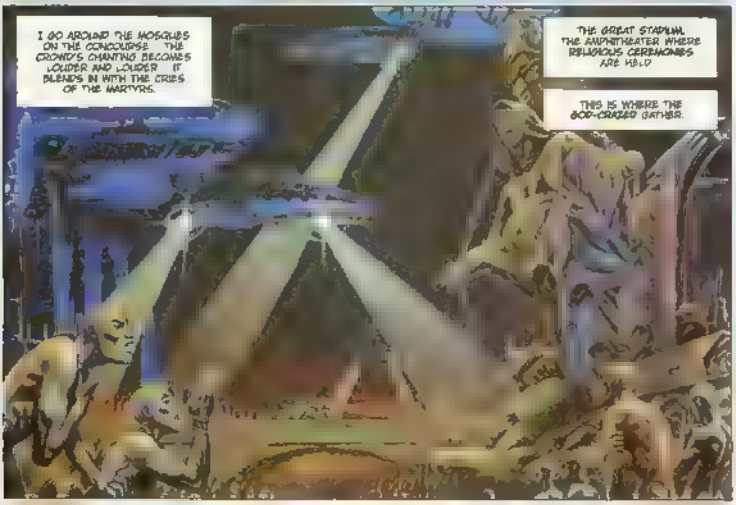
NO, I WON'T WAIT TILL TONIGHT!!

I DEMAND TO SPEAK TO THE HEAD SPOKESPERSON. I KNOW THAT THIS CALL GOES AGAINST ALL FORMS OF PROTOCOL AND IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN. BUT LISTEN TO ME!!

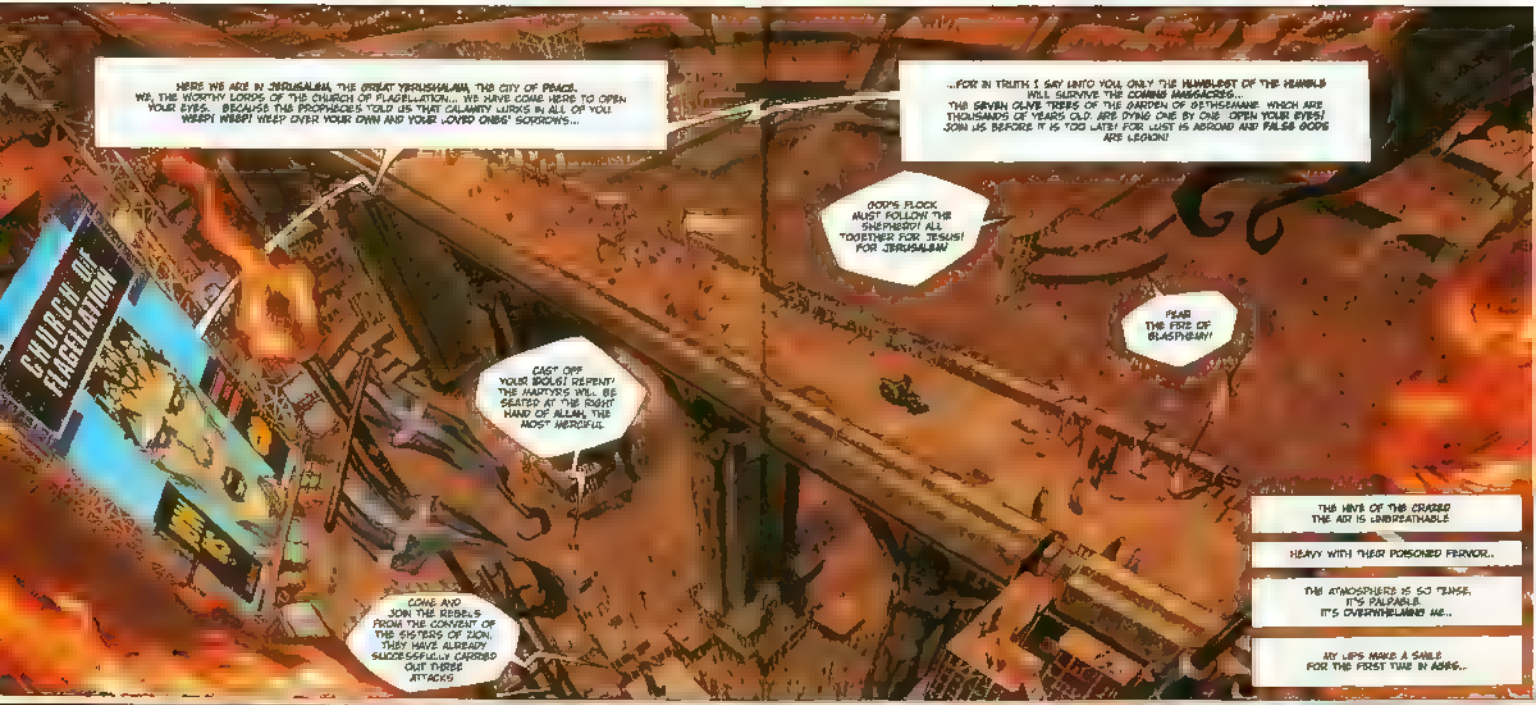
THEN I GET BACK IN TOUCH WITH THE CLERGY'S PARALLEL SERVICES, THE PUNITIVE BRANCH OF THE POLITICAL-RELIGIOUS ALLIANCE. THE FORCE THAT FINANCES ALL THE ATTACKS MADE BY MERCENARY KILLERS

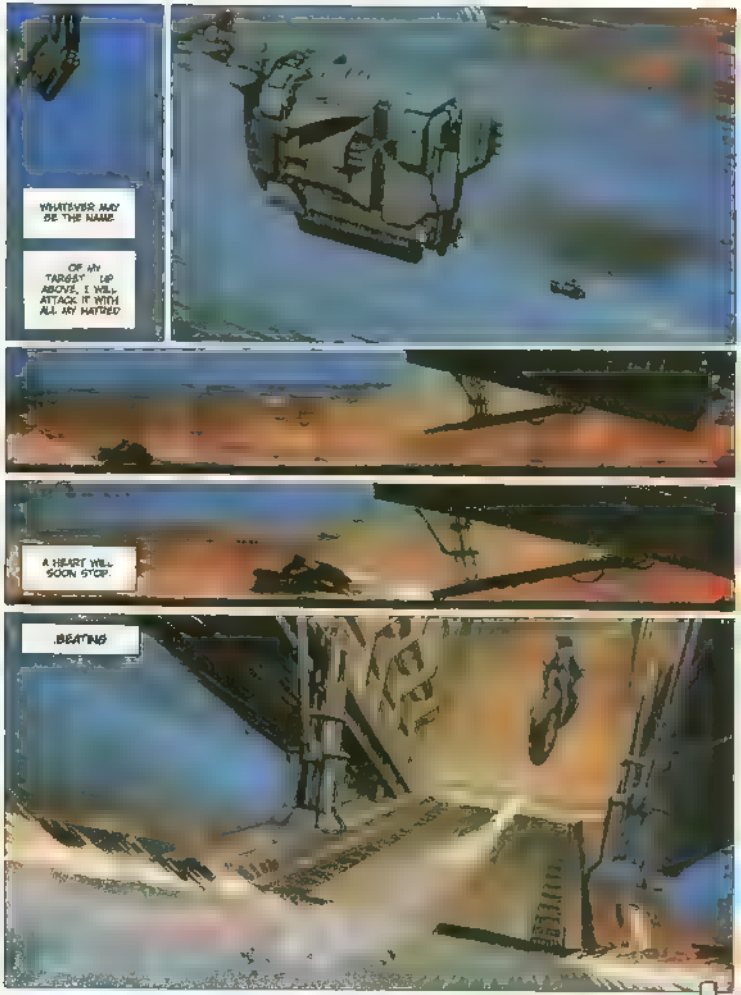

NO!
I WANT A MEETING RIGHT AWAY! D'YOU HEAR ME? IN EXACTLY ONE HOUR, ON THE INTERCHANGE OF THE NORTHERN GATE, HEADING TOWARD THE GOLAN HEIGHTS, ACCORDING TO THE USUAL PROCEDURE
IN ONE HOUR. START COUNTING NOW!
SIXTY MINUTES, EXACTLY!
22:11 8.5.7 JERUSALEM. GATE OF DAMASCUS.
AQUA-TEMPLE TANK. DEPARTMENT OF HYGIENE AND EMERGENCY HEALTH CARE.
BLOOD THUMPS IN MY TEMPLES. I'M FAMILIAR WITH THIS SORT OF EXCITEMENT. SEVEN DAYS. SEVEN DAYS TO RECREATE YOU, LITTLE BROTHER... PLEASE DON'T GIVE UP NOW. DON'T GIVE UP... YOU WON'T GIVE UP I WON'T GIVE UP
ONE FINAL MISSION.
ONE MORE MISSION AND I WILL
SAVE YOU
PSAK

2239 B.S.T
I STEP OUT OF THE TANK. THE STINKING HUMIDITY STICKS IN MY THROAT
THE ENDO-MORPHINES SOOTHE MY INJURIES PARTIALLY
JUST PARTIALLY...
SEVEN DAYS
SEVEN MORE DAYS AND IT WILL ALL BE OVER.
A LITTLE PURE WATER, PLEASE, SO I CAN WASH MY WOUNDS
CLEAN WATER. JUST A FEW DROPS! PLEASE, HAVE PITY ON ME.

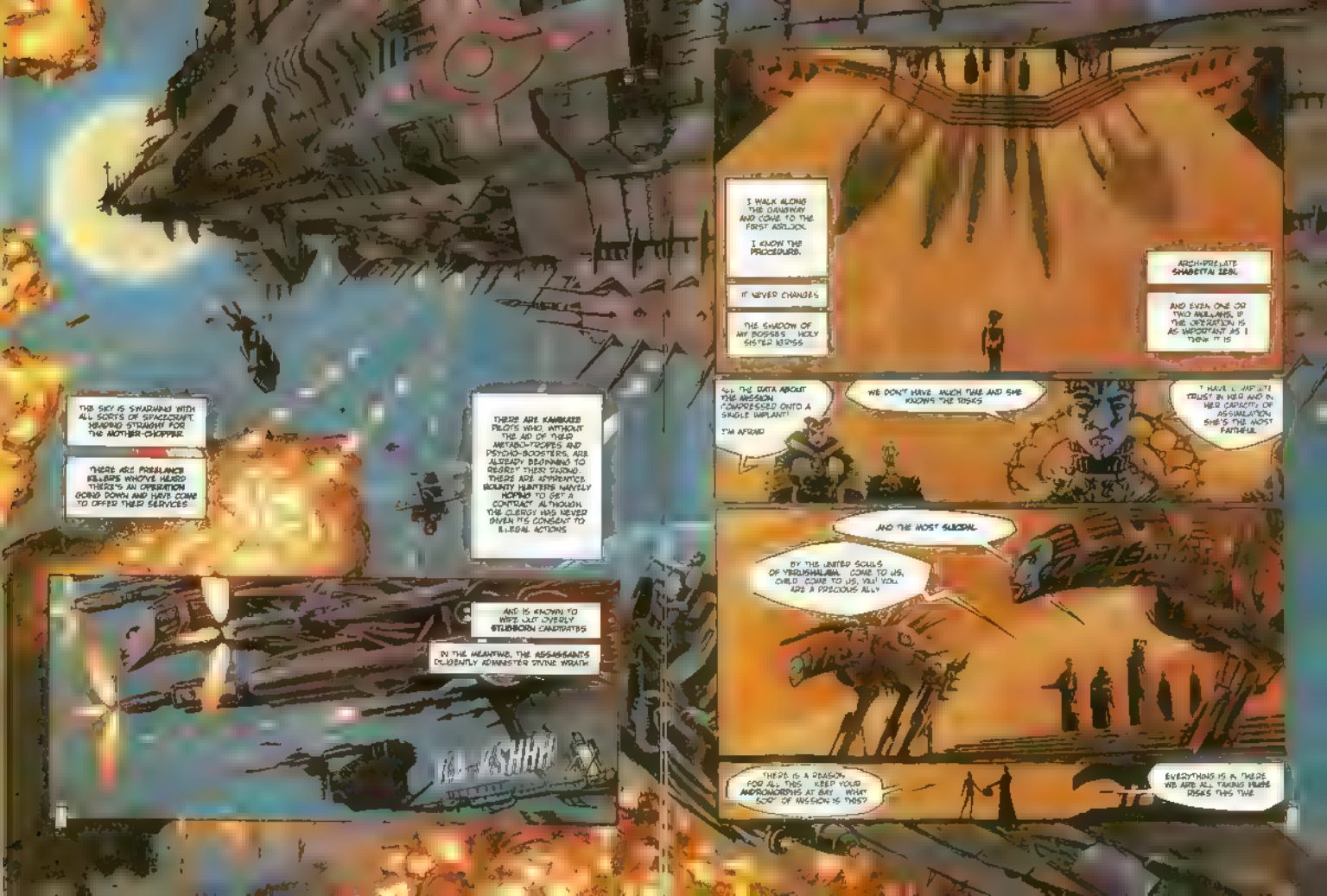

I GO AROUND THE MOSQUES ON THE CIRCUMPISE. THE CROWD'S CHANTING BECOMES LOUDER AND LOUDER. IT BLENDS IN WITH THE CRIES OF THE MARTYRS.
THE GREAT STADIUM, THE AMPHITHEATER WHERE RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES ARE HELD.
THIS IS WHERE THE GOD-CRAZED GATHER.

SUPPORT THE TREATY OF NON-PROLIFERATION OF HUMANS. JOIN THE FOLLOWERS OF THE CONVENT OF THE CHAINED PILGRIMS OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER


HERE WE ARE IN JERUSALEM, THE GREAT YERUSHALAIM, THE CITY OF PEACE. WE, THE WORTHY LORDS OF THE CHURCH OF FLAGELLATION... WE HAVE COME HERE TO OPEN YOUR EYES. BECAUSE THE PROPHECIES TOLD US THAT CALAMITY LURKS IN ALL OF YOU! WEEP! WEEP! WEEP OVER YOUR OWN AND YOUR LOVED ONES' SORROWS...
...FOR IN TRUTH I SAY UNTO YOU ONLY THE HUMBLEST OF THE HUMBLE WILL SURVIVE THE COMING MASSACRES... THE SEVEN OLIVE TREES OF THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE WHICH ARE THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD, ARE DYING ONE BY ONE. OPEN YOUR EYES! JOIN US BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! FOR JUST AS ABROAD AND FALSE GODS ARE LEGION!
CHURCH OF FLAGELLATION
GOD'S FLOCK MUST FOLLOW THE SHEPHERD! ALL TOGETHER FOR JESUS! FOR JERUSALEM!
FEAR THE FIRE OF BLASPHEMY!
CAST OFF YOUR EVIL! REPENT! THE MARTYRS WILL BE SEATED AT THE RIGHT HAND OF ALLAH, THE MOST MERCIFUL
COME AND JOIN THE REBELS FROM THE CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF ZION. THEY HAVE ALREADY SUCCESSFULLY CARRIED OUT THREE ATTACKS
THE HIVE OF THE CRAZED
THE AIR IS UNBREATHABLE
HEAVY WITH THEIR POISONED FERVOR..
THE ATMOSPHERE IS SO TENSE. IT'S PALPABLE. IT'S OVERWHELMING ME..
MY LIPS MAKE A SMILE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AGES..
IT'S SO EASY... JUST A QUESTION OF MAKING A HEART SOMEWHERE STOP BEATING
A HEART TO BE SILENCED
I CROSS THE THRESHOLD, AND MOVE AWAY FROM THE ROTTEN CENTER OF THE OLD CITY
22:49 E.S.T.
I SPEED UP ON THE PRACTICALLY EMPTY NORTHERN INTERCHANGE
I RAISE MY EYES.


WHATEVER MAY BE THE NAME
OF MY TARGET UP ABOVE, I WILL ATTACK IT WITH ALL MY HATRED
A HEART WILL SOON STOP.
BEATING

TUMP
SHOOP
WE ARE OBVIOUSLY NOT THE ONLY ONES THAT IGNORED THE FLIGHT CURFEW


THE SKY IS SWARMING WITH ALL SORTS OF SPACECRAFT, HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE MOTHER-CHOPPER.
THERE ARE FREELANCE KILLERS WHO'VE HEARD THERE'S AN OPERATION GOING DOWN AND HAVE COME TO OFFER THEIR SERVICES.
THERE ARE KAMIKAZE PILOTS WHO, WITHOUT THE AID OF THEIR METABOLITROPES AND PSYCHO-BOOSTERS, ARE ALREADY BEGINNING TO REGRET THEIR DECISION.
THERE ARE APPRENTICE BOUNTY HUNTERS WHO'VE HOPED TO GET A CONTRACT ALTHOUGH THE CLERGY HAS NEVER GIVEN ITS CONSENT TO ILLEGAL ACTIONS.
AND IS KNOWN TO WAGE JUST UVERLY STUBBORN CAMPAIGNS.
IN THE MEANTIME, THE AGGRESSANTS DILIGENTLY ADMINISTER DIVINE WRATH.
SHRK
I WALK ALONG THE GANGWAY AND COME TO THE FIRST AIRLOCK.
I KNOW THE PROCEDURE.
IT NEVER CHANGES.
THE SHADOW OF MY BOSSES HOLY SISTER KISSES
ARCH-PRELATE SHABBITAI IZBUL
AND EVEN ONE OR TWO MILLIMETRES IF THE OPERATION IS AS IMPORTANT AS I THINK IT IS
ALL THE DATA ABOUT THE MISSION COMPRESSED ONTO A SINGLE IMPLANT!
I'M AFRAID
WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME AND SHE KNOWS THE RISKS
I HAVE UNLIMITED TRUST IN HER AND IN HER CAPACITY OF ASSIMILATION. SHE'S THE MOST FAITHFUL
AND THE MOST SURGICAL
BY THE UNITED SOULS OF YERUSHALAYIM. COME TO US, CHILD. COME TO US. YES! YOU ARE A PRECIOUS ALLY.
THERE IS A REASON FOR ALL THIS. KEEP YOUR ANDROMORPHS AT BAY. WHAT KIND OF MISSION IS THIS?
EVERYTHING IS IN THERE. WE ARE AL TAKING MORE RISKS THIS TIME.

IT'S THE USUAL PROCEDURE
NO. IT'S NOT THE USUAL PROCEDURE BY THE HEAVENLY SAINTS, THE SACRED SOULS AND THE DEVIOUS DEMONS. IF YOU FAIL, THE CONSEQUENCES WILL BE MUCH GREATER THAN THE LOSS OF A FEW HUMAN LIVES...
IT'S JUST A NAME, TO ME.
A NAME INSIDE THIS CHALICE. ONLY THE NAME MATTERS. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST
SHINK!
WOW! THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GOOD AT
DOMINUS VOBISCUM! THE OPERATION WILL BEGIN IMMEDIATELY! WE CANNOT WAIT ANY LONGER!
FOR THE GREATER GLORY OF GOD YAL BE OUR ARM! AND PLEASE, FOR THE SAKE OF ALL OF US HERE...
...SUCCEED!

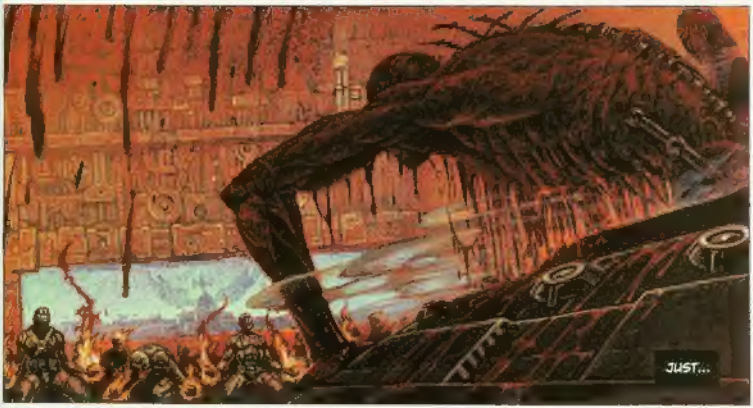
FAK FA
FAK
SHOO
SKKK
UUU
AT FIRST, THE BODY BEGINS BY RESISTING. IT ENGAGES IN A STRUGGLE AND TRIES TO REJECT THE IMPLANT CONTAINING EXTERNAL INFORMATION.
SUCH MADNESS! SHE MUST ENDURE! SHE MUST RESIST!
HUMFFR RRH
IF SHE DOESN'T START HEMORRHAGING, SHE'LL SURVIVE THE INITIAL SHOCK.
SEE, GOD HAS ANSWERED OUR PRAYERS. IT'S ALL UP TO HER NOW.
SHE IS RESISTING! SHE IS ENTERING PHASE TWO. SHE'S RECORDING THE DATA OF HER MISSION.

SHE SEARCHES... SHE FLOUNDERS IN THE FLOW OF DATA...
WAYS OF ACCESS... MAPS... FORCES... SCENARIOS OF CONFLICTING OPERATIONS...
SHE SEEKS THE WAY
LIFE
SHE SEEKS THE TARGET
SHE SEEKS AND FINDS THE NAME.
LIFE, EMBRACE ME
PHASE THREE. EVERYTHING FALLS INTO PLACE AND LIKE THE REST OF US...
NOW SHE KNOWS.

TAKE THE VILEST OF YOUR SONS INTO YOUR WORLD
SHE KNOWS HIS NAME.
SHE DISCOVERS HIS BIRTH IS IMMINENT
SHE BEGINS TO UNDERSTAND THE NATURE OF OUR FEARS.

HE'S COMING TO US.
HE IS COMING. I CAN FEEL IT.
THE GROUND!! DID YOU FEEL THAT, TOO?
IT'S... IT'S BEYOND OUR CONTROL! YOU, GUNTER! WARN MASTER MIYAZAWAHALER!!
I CAN FEEL THE SHOCK WAVES THE THE AIRLOCK!!
MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD, WE WORSHIP THE BEAST AND HIS MARK.
THEIR DISORIENTED FAITH HAS CONDEMNED THE WORLD TO DECLINE AND DECAY... THE SHRINES OF THEIR FALSE GODS WILL...
"AND HE WILL SLOW... ...ON THE BURNING OF THE WASTED LAND...
"AND THEY WILL BOW DOWN BEFORE THE KING OF KINGS OF THE EARTH.
"AND THEY WILL BOW DOWN BEFORE... ...SUPPLICANTS...
"AND THE FLAMES WILL RUN ALONG THEIR LIMBS, AND THEIR FLESH WILL CATCH FIRE.
DELL! MIYAZAWAHALER MUST BE WARNED IMMEDIATELY!
THE PRESSURE AND THROBBING ARE INCREASING!!
THEY...
TH...
"HUMAN BEINGS WILL BE NO MORE THAN A VAST FURNACE, TILL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH, AND THE WORLD WILL BE A THRONE OF FIRE IN WHICH HIS GLORY WILL BE SEATED."
SHUT THE EMERGENCY GATES! CLOSE THE SAFETY AIRLOCKS! PROTECT OUR MASTER!!
PROTECT OUR MASTER! TOP PRIORITY!!
GET OUT! HURRY!!
THE AIRLOCK WON'T HOLD MUCH LONGER!!
CERBERUS! ARE PLEASE REPLY MUST TAKE ACTION REPLY!!
LISTEN TO ME, OH, MY HOLY GROUP!! ORDER!
DON'T LOSE HEART! STAY IN YOUR PLACE! I KNOW YOU... EMBRACE THE BEAST, CALM AND COOLLY
...LET'S LOWER OUR EYES, AND PEACEFULLY SAVOR HIS

SK
SKK
KKK
SHOO
SKK


JUST...

CERBERUS UNIT! CERBERUS UNIT!
JUST AS I CONCEIVED YOU...
OPEN THE AIRLOCKS. GET READY TO EVACUATE! NOW!!

BEHIND US! LOOK... THEY'RE CATCHING FIRE! FUCKING HELL!! THEY'RE ALL GOING UP IN FLAMES!!
AND EVERYTHING IS LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE! CERBERUS! CERBERUS!!

A THOUSAND DEMONS! REPLY!! MAY AZZEL PROTECT US!! IT WON'T OPEN FROM HERE!! GOOD GOD!!!
THE BEAST... IS GETTING CLOSER! IT'S SEEN US! IT'S COMING STRAIGHT TO... TOWARD...

FILIUS TENEBRAE!! BEARER OF LIGHT!

OH, MY CHILD, COME!
COME!!

YOUR CARNAL HUSK... STILL UNSTABLE!!
YOUR GENETIC FLUCTUATIONS... CONTROL YOUR STRENGTH! COME CLOSER!!
MAY THE LAST CHILD STAND UP AND ILLUMINATE US WITH THE LIGHT OF HIS...
...SPLENDOR.
MAY HE LICK THE GAPING WOUND OF OUR FEARS... MAY HE MARCH ON THE NEW JERUSALEM...
MAY HE PLACE HIS YOKE AROUND THE LAST KINGDOM... AND LET HIS KINGDOM COME...

MAY ALL HOPE DIE... MAY THE BREATH OF PRAYERS EXPIRE... AND MAY GOD'S WORK FINALLY RETURN TO DUST.
YES. VERILY. FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE AND FOR WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO DO, MAY YOU BE...
BLESSED.